HYMNES,

OR SACRED SONGS,

wherein the right vse of Poëſie may be eſpied.

By Alexander Hume.

WHEREVNTO ARE ADDED, the experience of the Authors youth, *and certaine precepts ſerving to the* practiſe of Sanctification.

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Epheſ. 5.18.

But be ſul filled with the Spirit, ſpeaking vnto your ſelues in Pſalmes, and Hymnes, and ſpiritvall ſongs, ſinging and making melodie to the Lord in your hearts.

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Cum privilegio regio.

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TO THE FAITH-
FVLL AND VERTVOVS
Ladie, Elizabeth Mal-vill, Ladie Cum-

rie, grace, mercie, and peace, from God *the father, and from our Lord* Ieſus Chriſt.

WHEN I read that Epiſtle written by the Apoſtle Iohn, vnto an elect Lady (beloued in the Lord Ieſus) I cal to mind the Godly & elect Ladies in this our age, which within this country are knowne vnto mee. Of the which number I count you to be one, euen a Ladie choſen of God to bee one of his ſaincts, and the Godlie daughter of a faithfull father: for the children of God have their owne marks. Therefore when I firſt perceaued the ſpiritual conference, the graue behauiour, the feruent zeale, and the great ſenſe of naturall corruption, with the ſtrang reſiſtance of the ſame that was in you: I thinke them as infallible ſignes of Sanctification: Let no man ſuſpect me of flatterie, for I ſpeake not after the fleſh. Nather feare I (Siſter) that this my commendation puff you vp: for where the ſpirit of Ieſus dwelles, there is humility: But rather that thereby ye ſhal be ſtirred vp & incouraged to perſeuere, and grow in Godlines. It is a rare thing

to ſee a Ladie, a tender youth, ſad, ſolitare, and ſanctified, oft ſighing & weeping through the conſcience of ſinne. Would to God that all the Ladies of this Land, eſpecially they of the greateſt ranke, were of the like modeſt and godlie diſpoſition: for the moſt part of them we ſee, to delite mair in couetouſnes & in oppreſſiō of the puire for the intertainement of their pride, or elſe to ſpend their dayes in chambering, wantōnes, decking of their bodies in delicat feeding, and in ſatisfying their luſtes, nor to haue ane incorrupt and holie hart, with a meik and quiet ſpirit. Araying themſelues in cumly apparel, with ſhamefaſtnes and modeſtie, and with good workes, as the Apoſtles of Ieſus Chriſt hath commanded them. 1. Tim. 2. 9. 1. Pet. 3. 3. Let ſuch women remember that a day they ſhall appeare & giue a compt before the judgement ſeat of Chriſt, and ſhall receaue a rewarde in their bodies according to their workes. I would wiſh them to haue this weightie ſaying of the Apoſtle euer recent in memorie, as a dicton: *Shee that liues in pleaſure, is dead vvhile ſhee liueth. 1. Tim. 5. 6.* But yee liue more in murmuring and in paine: Therefore yee ſhall rejoyce eternallie. Now to come to the point, hauing compoſed in my youth a few ſonges in verſe to the glorie of God: ſeeing the cuſtome of men is to dedicate their workes to their fauorites and patrones: Shall it not be lawfull to me alſo, after the maner of men, to preſent vnto you (a faithfull and beloued Ladie) a part of my little labours? And ſa meikle the rather, becauſe I know ye delite in poeſie your ſelfe; and as I vnfainedly confes, excelles any of your ſexe in that art, that euer I hard within this nation. I haue ſeene your compoſitiones ſo copious, ſo pregnant, ſo ſpirituall, that I doubt not but it is the gift of God in you. Finally, becauſe ſo little a worke as this is, requires a ſhort epiſtle, I

take

take my leaue, not doubting but my good meaning ſhall be fauorablie accepted. Continue (good Ladie & ſiſter) in that Godlie courſe which ye haue begun: let nothing be done vpon oſtentation. Loue your Husband: haue a modeſt care of your familie, and let your cheefe care be caſten vpon the Lord Ieſus, who will recompenſe vs at his comming. To God therefore the Father, & our Lord Ieſus Chriſt, be all praiſe for euer, Amen. At *Logie* the 16. of Februarie. 1598.

Your brother in the Lord Ieſus, Alexander Hume
Miniſter of the Euangell.

To the Scottish youth.

AS It is a thing verie customable vnto thee, O curious youth, greatūly to delite in poesie, ather by playing the parte of a poet thy selfe, or by exercising thy spirit in reading and proclaiming the compositions of other men: So is it as common to thy indiscreit age to make a chuse of that naughtie subiect of fleshly and vnlawfull loue. In such sort that in Princes courts, in the houses of greate men, and at the assemblies of yong gentilmen and yong demesels, the cheife pastime is, to sing prophane sonnets, and vaine ballats of loue, or to rehearse some fabulos faits of Palmerine, Amadis, or other such like raueries & such as ather haue the art or vaine poetike, of force they must shew themselnes cunning followers of the dissolute ethnike poets, both in phrase and substance, or else they shall be had in no reputation. Alas for pittie! Is this the right vse of a Christians talent to incense the burning lustes of licentions persons by such euill examples and allurements? Art thon (O miserable man) well occupied, that day & night busies thy braine to invent these things which may foster the filthie vice and corruption that naturallie is seased in the harts of all men? Was it to this end, that thy maker sent thee in the world, to be an instrument of wickednes? or hes he giuen thee such gifts, and viuacitie of spirit, to be exercised in vanitie, and prouoking others to vncleannes? knowes thou not that thon must render account of euerie idle word that proceedes out of thy mouth? And that thy vngodlie conuersation banishes the spirit of GOD from thee? suffocats thy gude giftes, rottis thy conscience, and makis thy GOD to become ane Enemie against thee, What count thinkes thou to giue vnto the,

iust

iust and fearfull iudge of the world (who doubtles will craue it of thee, thou knawes not how suddainely) that hath employed thy time, and abused his good giftes after this manner? I think the cõsideration of it the more terrible, because sometime I delighted in such fantasies my selfe, after the maner of riotous young men: and vvere not the Lord in mercie pulled me a backe, & wrought a great repentance in me, I had doubtlesse run forward and employed my time & studie in that prophane and vnprofitable exercise, to my owne perdition. For vvhat seekes man by that kind of studie? nothing but a name, but a vaine praise, and an vndeserued commendation. Why should thou not then (aspiring youth) rather bestowe thy gude gifts to the right vse, to wit, to the glory of god, and to the weil of thy brethren? which thow sall do when by thy poesie or prose thow declares the mercie, the iustice, the power, the providence, the wisedome, the holines, the gudenes, or wondrous works of thy God vnto the world: Whereof thow may haue so large a field in the scriptures, that all thy pithie words, thy figures of Rhetoricke, thy subtile argumentes, thy skill in physicke, metaphysicke, mathematicke, or morall philosophie, shal not be sufficient to expres the dignitie thereof. Would thou intreat of prodigious miracles? luke the bookes if Genesis and Exod, or the workes of our sauiour, of the Prophets and Apostles? Would thow haue a subiect of valiant deids of armes? read the buikes of Iosua and the Iudges. And of the Kings of Israel & Iudah? Wald thou haue store of wise sentences, read the Prouerbs, and Ecclesiastes? walde thou haue a subiect of loue? looke the song of songs, of the loue betuixt Christ and his kirk. Would thow reioyce, or lament praise or disprais; comfort, or threaten; pray, or vse imprecation Imitat the ald Hebrew Dauid in his Psalmes, as a paterne of all heavinly poesie. In a word, the high & holy mysteries, & felicitie of the life to come, conteined in the auld & new testament, may be a more noble and worthie subiect, vvhere vpon the hole cunning and Eloquence of mans loftie Spirite should be employed

nor

nor vpon these trifles, & sensuall villanies. But thou will peraduenture say, that such a subiect is ouer graue, and that a light & merrie matter were more agreable to yong folks: I answere thee, that indeede vanitie and corruption are most agreeable to a corrupted nature: But let that mirrines wherein is sinne, be far from all good Christians. But if thou would meditate on this spirituall subiect, and exercise thy selfe in the Law of the Lord with continuance, thou should with time alter thy fleshlie affectiones, and nouriſh thy spirituall gifts: In such sorte, that thou shal deteſt that which is sensuall and brutish, and delight in that which is holie and pleasant in the sight of the Lord, and by thy example shall sturre vp others to doe the like: Heirefore, I haue heere set downe before thee, a few spirituall songs, begun in my youth, and prosecuted in my wraslings with the world, and the flesh, whereby thou may cleerely see what aboundance of good matter is offered, which the most parte of Poets foolishlie reiectes, and dedicates their hole studie to things moste vile and contemptible. Farther, I contemne not the moderate and trew commendation of the vertuous, & noble actes of good men: nor yet the extolling of liberall sciences: But thou hast notable examples in the French toong set foorth by Saluſt of Bartas. Onely thus much haue I written in rude Scottish and hask verses, to prouoke the more skilfull in that art to flee higher, and to encourage the meaner sort to follow. To the effect, that the spirits of men in all their actions may be applyed to the right end, euen to glorifie God, who must euer sanctifie & prosper the interprises of his owne. At Edinburgh the 9 day of december. 1594.

Thy louing friend,

Alexander Hume

A Sonnet of Loue.

NOt lawfull loue, bot lecherie I lacke:
Not women wiſe, but witleſſe I diſdaine:
Not conſtant trueth, but tromperie I detract:
Not innocence, but inſolence prophaine:
Not bleſſed bands, but ſecreite working vaine:
As *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe* tuike on hand,
As *Iaſon* and *Medea* made their traine,
As *Dæmophon* and fooliſh *Phillis* fand,
As *Hercules* at *Iolëes* command,
Which like a wife for loue ſat downe to ſpin.
And finally all follie I gainſtand,
Which may allure the heart to ſhame or ſin:
Beware with vice, be not the cauſe of ill,
Sine ſpeak, & ſport, look, laugh, & loue your fill.

THE HYMNES, AND Sacred Songs, of Alexander Hume.

His Recantation. 1.

ALace, how lang haue I delayed,
To leaue the laits of youth?
Alace, how oft haue I essayed,
To daunt my lascine mouth?
And make my vaine polluted thought,
My pen, and speach prophaine,
Extoll the Lord, quhilk made of nocht,
The heauen, the earth, and raine?

Skarse nature yet my face about,
Hir virile wob had spun,
Quhen als oft as Phœbea stout:
Was set agains the Sun:
Zea, als oft as the fierie flames,
Arise and shine abrod,
I minded was with sangs and Psalmes,
To glorifie my God.

Bot ay ye cancred carnall kind,
Quhilk lurked me within,
Seduced my hart, withdrew my mind,
And maid me sclaue to sin.
My sensis, and my saull I saw,
Debait a deadly strife,
Into my flesh I felt a law,
Gainstand the law of life.

Euen as the falcon high, and hait,
Furth fleeing in the sky,

With wanton wings hir game to gait,
Disdaines her callers cry:
So led away with liberty,
And drowned in delight,
I wandred after vanitie,
My vice I giue the wight.

Bot (Lord) now from thy haly throne,
Bow downe thy luiking eye,
At last I mourne, I make my mone,
I turne my selfe to thie.
Oh: If this fragil flesh vncleane,
Had neuer had na lust,
Or that I had not formed bein,
Of filthie wormes and dust.

Ah: if I neuer had bin thrall,
To these infirmities,
Quhilk causes men so oft to fall,
In foulish fantasies:
Or had nocht had a sinfull hart
Ingrafted in my breast,
Quhilk makes me from my God depart,
Ilk houre of day at least.

Then shuld I haue from sin bin free,
And neuer seene the graue:
Bot (Lord) be mercifull to me,
I knaw not what I craue.
Thy wonders are not wrought to please,
Mans foulish appetite,
Bot as seemes gud into thine eyes,
And for thine owne delite.

For to our wauering wit, thy warks,
Maist secreit are not shawin,
And to what end thy wisedome marks,
To catiues is vnknawin,
Euen things impossible (think we)
Thy prouidence diuine,

Brings them to pas as pleaseth thée,
And all the prayse is thine.

Psal.103.8 Bot suffering Lord to anger slaw,
To mercie reddie bent,
Mair glad on sinners grace to shaw,
Nor thay are to repent:
Gen.19.21 That Zoar sau'd for luife of Lot,
And cause of Godly men,
Wald haue remitted Sodoms spot,
Gen.18.32. And Gomorah for ten.

That was to wrak in forrie dayes,
Ionah.3.4 &c. the men of Niniuie,
Bot when they left their wicked waies,
Forgaue them fatherlie:
That did not from thée plaint thine eares,
Iohn.11. 32,12.3. Nor yet the vile dispise,
Math.26. fo.75, Of Magdalene, nor Peters teares,
Quha thee denyed thrise.

Auert thy wraith, my saull releéue,
Within my body bun,
My greéuous sinnes of grace forgiue,
Throw Iesus Christ thy sun:
Thy halie sprit in me let rest,
To teach me what to craue,
For why? thy wisedome knawes far best,
Whereof I misser haue.

Grant that these instruments of shame,
Quhilks dayly do offend,
May serue and sanctifie thy name,
Unto my lifis end.
Bot sen so lang as in the race,
Of mortall men I rin,
I cannot of my selfe, alace!
Abstaine fra vice and sin.

Zit neuer suffer me to fall,
So deepely in disdaine,

That

That there na farder hope at all,
Of mercie may remaine:
Or may be frustrate of the fude,
Whereof thy saincts are sure,
Or of that blist beatitude,
Which euer sall endure.

Oh, let me not the merites lose,
Of my redæmer deare,
Wot when I waill with weiping dose,
Lord, to my plaint giue eare.
Ye though I oft decline from thé,
And grœuously dow fall,
Let Jesus bitter death ay be,
Ane recompense for all.

O mightie God? quhilk for thy gloir,
Hay animat the stains,
And make the sowking babes adoze,
Thy maiestie atains:
That maid thy Prophets mouths revell,
Thy mysteries grit to cum,
And did the tung inutile heill
Of Zacharie that was dum.

That gaue thy seruant Dauid king,
A scepter for a staffe,
Syne made him sacred Psalmes to sing,
a hundreth and a halfe.
And thine Apostles preaching sweit,
With vertue did inspire,
And send them downe thy haly spreit,
In clouen tungs of fire.

Lift vp mine hart, my lips disclose,
Hy tendered tung vntie,
Then sall my singing saull reioyce,
And flée aboue the skie:
Bliss thou my worke, be my support,
Hy teacher, and my guyde,

Psal. 8. e.

Luk. 1. 64.

1. Sam. 16. 11. 12.

Act. 2. 3.

Then sall my mouth thy praise report,
Through all the world so wide,
Then sall my sacred pen delite,
Indaring all my dayes,
Thy wondrous works in verse to write,
Fiue hundred diuers waies:
Euen on my iolie Lute, by night,
And trimling trible string,
I sall withall my minde and might,
Thy glorie gladlie sing.

Then they that sall thy puissance heir,
And tender clemencie,
Sall moued be with luke and feare,
To praise and worship thée:
Yé when my spirit is past away,
Among the godlie gostes,
Yet sall the reader sigh, and say,
Blist be the Lord of hostes.

Of Gods benefites bestowed

vpon man. II.

My saull is reuesit vp fra me, my reson is bereft,
my sensis are astoneist all, my mind hir vse hes left,
My memorie is quite confusde, transported is mine hart,
My spreit is in ane extasie, as I were to depart:
When as the gratious gifts of God profoundly I perpend,
Beleiffing ay to compas all, bot can not find ane end:
I maruel mair the mair I muse, the mair I knawledge craue,
Of hid and halie things, the mair my selfe I dow diseaue:
Waist like a man quhilk dois behald, the face of Phœbus bright,
And thinks throgh earnest luking lang, to perse it with his sight,
His optik beims trenspersis nocht, his dewing is in vaine,
The fers reflex his dimmed sight, reponsis back againe:
Sa when I cannot comprehend with weake & wauering thoght,

Nor

For penetrat gods mightie warks, sa weill & wisely wrought,
I am compelled then to cry, O Lord, thy gifts are good,
My dull capacitie they pas, I am but flesh and blond.
Great God, thy giftes are infinite, euen granted vnto man,
Whereof a part I sall recite, as truely as I can:
Exhause my prayer and thy praise, shaw me thy lifelie light,
Thy benefite, and bountie baith, that I may sing aright.
When Lucifer the Prince of pride, first interprised euill,
And from his happy hie estate, was changed in a devill,
Great was the number, and the fall of his vnhappie sect,
Quhilk fearefully from heauen to hell, the Lord he did detect:
Their was na light of day as yet, nor shining beims so cleare,
The Mone yet in the firmament, nor sternis did nocht appeare,
Their was na earth to foster fruits, nor for the fishes seyes,
Na subtile fire, nor hailsome air, to flurish flowres or treis,
Nor finally, man was not made, na beast nor creeping thing,
Na skaillie fishes in the fluds, nor foull that flies on wing,
With pure immortall creatures clear, and sangs of Angels bright
The maiestie of God was praisd, with loutings lond on bight,
Bot yet his great beneficence, quhilk euer mair hes bein,
But mesor large and infinite, the heauens could not conteine,
Abundantly debarded all, and flowing heir, and there,
Maist plenteously replenist all, extending euerie where,
Euen be his wisedome, and his word, sa wondrouslie of nocht, Iohn, 1.
This machin round, this vniuers, this vther warld he wrocht:
He creat first the heauen, the earth, and all that is thairin, Genes. 2.
The swelling seas, the fire, and aire, fine man deuoid of sinne.
Necessitie it moued him nocht, nor hope of future gaine,
Sic passions falls not in the Lord, but in his sicht ar vaine:
Bot for his pleasure and his praise, his precepts to fulfill,
And last in peace for to possesse, his high and holy hill, Genes. 2. 7.
A perfite comelie corps of man, he made of earthly dust, Genes. 1. 26
The vther part like to himselfe, trew, holie, wise, and iust:
This lifely Image of the Lord, can not defaced be,
Na creature the creator knawis, nor worship can, but he:
In earth nane this character bes, sait onelie man him sell,
Quhilk maks him master ou'r the beasts, & ou'r the deuills in hell. Luk. 9. 1.

Then

Than in his deadlie visage wan, he breathed breath of life,
Gen.2.7 & 22. And gaue him of a weaker sere, to pleasour him a wife,
Twa liuing and Immortall sauls, he blissed with his grace,
Gen.1.28. Syne placed them in Paradise, a peerles pleasant place,
Quhat sall I all the gifts recount, quhilk cannot numbred be,
Nair nor the glittering sternes of heauen, or sands into the sea?
Quhilk with the Lord indued hes, baith Adam and his kinde,
Sick beautie of the bodie rare, sick graces of the mind,
And for erternall benefits, all things heare vnder heauen,
To pleasour, and to profit man, hes he not freely gevin?
*The gifts of the bodie. *A semely membred microcosme he number, and be waight,
Be measour, and proportion iuste, he maid erect and straight,
And euerie member maid to haue a certaine sympathie,
Amangs themselues, and with the heauens a decent harmonie,
Quhilks dois their office execute, maist promptlie but delay,
As Instruments and organis prest, thay will for to obay:
Sa sharp the senses they are all, intrinsick, and without,
That easelie man may decerne of euerie darkesome doubt:
The eyes sa reddie are to see, so billie to behald, (wald
With bemming blenks, & persing inks what sa the fantasie
The eares erected ar to heir, and quicklie to conceaue (leaue
Ilk liuelie voice, Ilk speech, Ilk sound, & knawis then be the
The smelling nostrels quick of sent, thay smell or they come neir
All odors, quhilks the eyen, nor eirs, can neither see, nor heir.
Of euerie substance sapient, the sapor and the taist
If it be ather gude or bad, the mouth will try in haist.
The helping hands appointed ar to graip, to feill and tuitche,
And diligent in doing ar quhair euer thay may reitche,
The Lord hes placed pith and strength within the bains & nerls,
Agilitie into the blude quhilk spilt the bodie sterks.
The feit ar swift and members meit, for to susteine the rest,
And spedilie will pace and run quhair sa man lists best.
All this externall qualities, and graces corporell,
Albeit they be baith great and gude, yit vthers dois excell,
How far the pure immortall saull in substance dois surpas,
The mortall, caduck, carnall corps (a loword and brukill mas:)
Als far the functions of the saull surmounts the bodyis micht,

The

The puissance, and perfection baith, the science, and the slight,
For all these actions lodge in man, dois from the saull proceid:
Quhilk once dissolued fra the corps, the bodie is but deid.
Euen as the fire dois animat, and poussis in the air,
A weightie & materiall ball, rebounding here and thair, (round
Bot when the flames extinguisht are, downe fals the machin
Sa when the actiue saull is gain, the bodie goes to ground.

The gifts of the minde.

The mightie God he gaue to man, a swift and agile thought,
Quhilk like a foull vp through the skies, from earth to hevin hes sought,
A strong imagination nixt, ilk figure to conſaue,
A quick revolving reasone rype to rewle all the laue,
A memorie for to conserue, quhilk like a thesaure dæpe,
All things conceaued in the heart, dois weill retaine and kæpe.
I wonder at the wit of man, whome God hes made so wise,
That all things spædefull for his vse, he promptlie can deuise,
That can the present time obserue, and call to mind the past,
Conser and prudently espy, the future cumming fast.

The naturall course and causes all, of euerie thing he knawes,
What mones the mighty thunderclaps, & windie tempests blawes
What maks the feareful flauches of fire, & lightnings in the skies
And why the shill and freesing frosts, the waters dæpe vpdryes,
And how the hard congealed yce, dissolued is againe, (of rain,
What forms the haile, the stormy snawes, & sounding showres
Why thik infective mists sa marke, eye hails the earth and air,
And why the silver drops of dew, down fals in wedder fair,
Why oft the earth, quhilk of it selfe, is stable, firme, and steif,
With trimling and with awfull quaiks, in twa is like to cleif,
Why many diuers hewes appeirs, into the heauenly bow,
And why the raging Ocean seas, dois onely fleit and flow,
Why Sodainely the Sun by day, is priuate of his light,
And why the shining Mone at full, indures eclipse by night,
Why monethly the Mone renewes hir hew, and hornes so paill,
Why monethlie hir fowle face is round, & lightned haill,
Why whylome in the firmament, strange tailed sterns appeiris,
Why whilome sindrie shaps of beasts, and flaming firie speiris:
He knawes the restles course and race of all the planets seauen,

The influence and order great, of all the hoste of heauen:
The forme and fabrik of the earth, and ample vmuers,
He knawes the force of euerie flowre, of euerie plant and gers,
The vertue of all kinde of fruits, and euerie vegetal,
The properties of precious stanes, and mettals mineral,
He knawes the strange inklinctions all, of everie brutall beast:
Of fishes and of flichtring fouls, and reptils which are least,
The ranenous and the raskall rout, wilde, venimous, & tame,
The hideous monsters meruellous man knaws them be their name:
And to be short, he knowes him selfe, & his originall,
That he mon die, and after death the heauen inherit sall.

The Lord hes be his word, his will reueild vnto his awin,
And made his counsaile, & his court to mankinde clearly knawne,
He Adame lent a libre will to follow what he list,
And with his holy spirit, and grace his chosen dois assist:
Man hes a fragrant freshe ingyne all science to invent,
A faire and flowing facund tung, till vtter his intent,
And all are giftes, and graces great which with the liuing Lord,
But meriting a mortall man diuinely hes decord.

I long to loue thy larges (Lord) and prudent prouidence,
But now of force I mon procede, Lord prosper my pretence.

How worthie are the sonns of men, and Adams cative kinde,
That thou (great God) should them regarde, or haue so much in mind,
Such thing is fantasie to frame, & panfing vain procures
For what is all the vniuers, and liuing creatures?
All nathing worthie of themselues, but as thou list of loue,
With graces them to dignifie, and highly to promove:
Man is a wark which thou hes made, sa is the sunne and mone,
Thou hes him plac'd aboue the rest, thy holie will be done.

Externall benefites Deut. 28. 3.

With earthlie pleasures manifold, man compast is about,
He pleased is in comming in, and glad in going out,
Ilk beautifull and pleasant sight, be pleasure hes to see,
In hearing hes he not delite all kinde of facetie,
Ilk symphonie and seemely sound is pleasant to his eir,
Trew sapience and science baith, his hart delits to leir,
In smelling euerie sauour sweete be pleasour hes perfite,

In

In taſting euerie daintie diſh, he dayly hes delite,
To reaſon he reioyſing hes, to learne, to teache, and talke,
He recreation takis to read, to run, to ride, and walke,
By nicht to ly and ſoftly ſleepe, to reſt and to repoſe,
He is helper to behald and treit he ſuirly may reioſe,
And as the Lord hes inſtitute to kiſſ hir pleaſant face,
Ane propagation for to make, in lone hir to imbrace.
The ioy, the welth, the mirth of man & pleaſour to compleit,
All things beneth the vault of heuin ar ſterned vnder feit, Pſal.8.5.6.
He is maiſt like ane God on earth, for God he gaue him charge Gen.1.28.
Ou'r euerie bald and brutall beaſt, that feids in forreſts large,
ou'r euerie fleeing feathered fowle that ſwifteſt is of flight,
Ou'r euerie ſwimming finned fiſh with ſhyning ſcales ſa bright:
our euerie litil creiping thing, or vther animant,
That in the ſea, the fire, or air, or on the earth dois haunt:
the fiers and hardy Elephant, the horſſes ſwift and ſtrang,
as brutalls braue and bellicoſe, the battles from amang,
From dangers they his bodie beir, or quhair he liſt to paſſe,
The Camell bears his charges great, the Mule and ſimple Aſſe,
the buſie beuſs, laborious beaſts they teill the fertile ground,
Leaſt man with wearines, and wark in bondage ſuld be bound:
all benneſon, and vther wilde they ſerue him at his neid,
The ſcheip, the nolt, & naughtie wormes they do him cleith & feid
the little friand fiſh in flude, and dentie volatil,
Quhilks ſhedds the waters, & the winds, he traps them at his wil
Baith cruell and abaſed beaſts that hants in banks and bewis,
In denns, deſerts, or cauerns deip, for paſtime he perſewis.

Not onely ou'r the beaſts on earth mans power dois extend, Math.10.11
But ou'r the Dragon, beaſt of beaſts, a ſubtile ſerpent kend, Luk.9.1.
Abone the deuill his deidlie fa, and frowart furies fell,
God gaue him might and mayen baith be force them to expell,
For thocht that enemie fell and fierce the ſtate of man invyis,
And aye in wait him to deuore maiſt like a Lyon lyis:
Yet all the fellon feinds of hell that trimble faſt for feare,
And ſtoups when as the awfull curs, & dreadful dume they heare,
Pronounced by the mouth of man, againſt that baillfull band,

The rebels nather dow, nor dare the word of God gain-stand,
The secreits of religious rites, the sacred sacraments,
The blist Evangell maist of all, the tormentors torments.
But now flie far away, fra me ye cursed cateils all,
Incredouls hence ga hide you hie, the cluds are like to fall:
A mysterie high and halie baith, I sing without delay,
Ye misbeleeuers bide abacke, flie (fugitiues) away.
My lips delights not now in lies, vaine fictions I refuse,
The booke of God sall be my guide, the holie ghaist my muse.

The wark of mans redemption.

Gen. 3. 6. 19. 23.

When subtile Sathan had deceaued, the fragile femall Eue,
Who made the sinles man consent, defended fruict to preue,
Till eit against the Lords commaund, and greeuouslie offend,
He banisht was from blis to baill, to hell and death but end:
The Lord of mercie mesouries, man to redéeme againe,
From Sathan sin, and second death, from hell and endles paine:
Downe sent the word, which with himselfe had coeternall bein,
In essence with the father God, and deitie diuine,
Which was before beginnings all, or times were yet begon,
Begotten of the father God, and called is his Son,
Be whom al kind of things were made, within the machin round,
The onely Son of God (I say) descended downe to ground,
And for the foule offence of man, the father thought it good,
Be vertue of the holie gaist, to make him flesh and blod.

Iohn. 1.

Sa great a wonder was not heard, sen first the warld began,
The onely sonne of God to be, both verie God and man,
Euen of a virgin to be borne, to suffer death and shame,
The sacrifice for manly sin, Christ Jesus is his name,
Which on the third day after death, arase forth of the graue,
And gloriously past vp to heauen, the seede of man to saue,
Where at the right and holy hand, of God omnipotent,
He intercessor sits for sick, as truely shall repent,
Quhilk puts their hope into his death, and praises God therfore,
They shall receaue eternall life, and crowned be with glore:
All graces he will giue to sick, as dois him feare and serue,
And all without desert, for what can wormes and dust deserue?
Sa nathing (Lord) bot all proceids, and flowed first from thée.

O mortels: ſen we merit not, yet let vs thankfull be,
Acknowledge what ſocietie ſure, it pleaſeth God to haue,
With all the humaine kinde and how, he loues it by the laue:
For men on earth the marke of God, & Image bright he beares,
And Chriſt in heuen the nature weak, of man he waild & weares,
Chriſt vanquiſht death, the devill & hell, & hes ſuppreſt their heid,
He ſurely is the ſauiour ſwéete, of ſinfull Adams ſeid. (bain
Lord, loſe not thy redéemed flock, Chriſts death were then in
Bot let thy fauour and thy grace, with mortals ay remain:
And thou (O man) with all the gifts, wherewith thou art indued,
Extoll the Lord, let ay his praiſe, and glorie be renewed,
Thy domicile and dwelling place, Chriſt Jeſus hes prepard
Aboue, quhilk blis but end ſalbe thy laſt and beſt reward,
The word and couenant of the Lord, his promiſſes are ſure,
Wans ioy and mercies of the Lord, for euer ſhall indure.
But now my lips, and thou my Lute ming melodie amang
Againe vnto the mightie God, go ſing a newar ſang,

Of the day Eſtivall. III.

O Perfite light, quhilk ſchaid away,
The darkenes from the light,
And ſet a ruler ou'r the day,
Ane vther ou'r the night. Gen. 1. 4. 16,

Thy glorie when the day forth flies,
Mair viuely dois appeare,
Nor at midday vnto our eyes,
The ſhining Sun is cleare.

The ſhaddow of the earth anon, The crepuſcule mantuanis
Remoues and drawes by,
Syne in the Eaſt, when it is gon,
Appeares a clearer ſky.

Quhilk Sunne perceaues the little larks,
The lapwing and the ſupp,
And tunes their ſangs like natures clarks,

Ou'r midow, mure, and ſtryp.
Bot euerie baiſ'd nocturnall beaſt,
Na langer may abide,
They hy away baith maiſt and leaſt,
Them ſelues in houſe to hide.
They dread the day fra thay it ſee,
And from the ſight of men.
To ſaits, and couars faſt they flee,
And Lyons to their den.
Dure Hemiſphere is poleiſt clein,
And lightened moze and moze,
Whyle euerie thing be clearely ſein,
Quhilk ſeemed dim befoze.
Except the gluſtering aſtres bright,
Which all the night were cleere,
Offuſked with a greater light,
Na langer dois appeare.

A deſcription of the morning.

The golden globe incontinent,
Sets vp his ſhining head,
And ou'r the earth and firmament,
Diſplayes his beims abzead.
Foz ioy the birds with boulden thzots,
Againſ his viſage ſhein,
Takes vp their kindelie muſicke nots.
In woods and gardens grein.
Vp waids the careſull husbandman,
His cozne, and vines to ſee,
And euerie tymous artiſan.
In buith wozke buſſlie.
The paſtoz quits the ſlouthfull ſleepe.
And paſſis fozth with ſpeede,
His little camow-noſed ſheepe,
And rowting kie to feede.
The paſſenger from perreis ſure.
Gangs gladly fozth the way:
Bzeiſe, euerie liuing creature,

Takes

Takes comfort of the day,
The ſubtile mottie rayons light,
At riſts thay are in wonne,
The glanſing thains, and vitre bright,
Reſplends againſt the ſunne.
The dew vpon the tender crops,
Lyke pearles white and round,
Or like to melted ſilver drops,
Refreſhes all the ground.
The myſtie rocke, the clouds of raine,
From tops of mountaines skails,
Cleare are the higheſt hils and plaine,
The vapors takes the vails,
Begaried is the ſaphire pend,
With ſprainges of skarlet hew,
And preciouſly from end till end,
Damaſked white and blew,
The ample heauen of fabrik ſure,
In cleannes dois ſurpas,
The chryſtall and the ſiluer pure,
Or cleareſt poleiſt glas.
The time ſa tranquill is and ſtill.
That na where ſall ye find,
Haiſe on ane high, and barren hill,
Ane aire of peeping wind.
All trées and ſimples great and ſmall,
That balmie leiſe do beir,
Nor thay were painted on a wall,
Na mair they mone or ſteir.
Calme is the deepe, and purpour ſe,
Yee ſmuther nor the ſand,
The wals that woltring wont to be,
Are ſtable like the land.
Sa ſilent is the ceſtile air,
That euery cry and call,
The hils, and dails, and forreſt fair,

Againe repeates them all.

The riuers freſh, the calloꝛ ſtreames,
Ou'r rockes can ſoftlie rin,
The water cleare like chꝛyſtall ſeames,
And makes a pleaſant din.

The fields, and earthly ſuperfice,
With verdure gréene is ſpꝛead,
And naturallie but artifice,
In partie coulorꝛs cled.

The flurithes and fragrant flowres,
Thꝛow Phœbus foſtring hett,
Refreſht with dew and ſilver ſhowres,
Caſts vp ane odoꝛ ſwett.

The clogged buſie bumming beis,
That neuer thinks to dꝛowne,
On flowers and flourithes of treis,
Collects their liquoꝛ bꝛowne.

A deſcripti on of the midday.

The Sunne maiſt like a ſpédie poſt,
Wlith ardent courſe aſcends,
The beautie of the heauenly hoſt,
Vp to our Zenith tends.

Nocht guided be na Phaeton,
Noꝛ trained in a chyre,
Bot be the high and haly on,
Quhilk dois all where impire,

The burning beims downe from his face,
Ha fervently can beat:
That man and beaſt now ſékes a place
To ſaue them fra the heat.

The bꝛethles flocks dꝛawes to the ſhade,
And frechure of their fald,
The ſtartling nolt as they were made,
Runnes to the rivers cald.

The heards beneath ſome leaffie trie,

A

Amids the flowers they lie,
The ſtabill ſhips vpon the ſey,
Tends vp their ſails to drie.

The hart, the hynd, and fallow deare,
Are tapiſht at their reſt,
The foules and birdes that made thée beare,
Prepares their prettie neſt.

The rayons dures deſcending downe,
All kindlis in a gleid,
In cittie nor in borroughtowne,
May nane ſet forth their heid.

Back from the blew paymented whum,
And from ilk plaiſter wall:
The hote reflexing of the ſun,
Inflams the aire and all.

The labowrers that timellie raiſe
All wearie faint and weake:
For heate downe to their houſes gaiſe,
Nowne-meate and ſléepe to take.

The callowr wine in caue is ſought,
Wens brothing breiſts to cule:
The water cald and cleare is brought,
And ſallets ſteipt in vle.

Sume plucks the honie plowm and peare,
The cherrie and the peſche,
Sume likes the rime, and London beare,
The bodie to refreſh,

Forth of their ſkepps ſome raging bées,
Lyes out and will not caſt,
Some vther ſwarmes hyves on the trées,
In knots togidder faſt.

The corbeis, and the kekling kais,
May ſcarce the heate abide,

Halks prunzeis on the sunnie brais,
And wedders back, and syde.

With gilted eyes and open wings,
The cock his courage shawes,
With claps of ioy his breast he dings,
And twentie times he crawes.

The dow with whilling wings sa blew,
The winds can fast collect,
Hir pourpour pennes turnes mony hew,
Against the sunne direct.

A description of the euening.

Now none is went, gaine is mid-day,
The heat dois slake at last,
The sunne descends downe west away,
Fra three of clock be past.

A little cule of braithing wind,
Now softly can arise,
The warks throw heate that lay behind,
Now men may enterprise.

Furth fairis the flocks to seeke their fude,
On euerie hill and plaine,
Quhilk labourer as he thinks gude,
Steppes to his turne againe.

The rayons of the Sunne we see,
Diminish in their strength,
The schad of euerie towre and tree,
Extended is in length.

Great is the calme for euerie quhair,
The wind is sitten downe,
The reik thrawes right vp in the air,
From euerie towre and towne.

Their birdoning the bony birds,
In banks they do begin,
With pipes of reides the iolie birds,

Yalds

Halds vp the mirrie din.

The Mavis and the Philomeen,
The Stirling whisslles lowd,
The Cuschetts on the branches gréen,
Full quietly they crowd.

The crepusculle vespertino

The gloming comes the day is spent,
The Sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident,
With pourpour sanguine bright.

The Skarlet nor the golden threid,
Who would their beawtie trie,
Are nathing like the colour reid,
And beautie of the sky:

Our West Horizon circuler,
Fra time the Sunne be set,
Is all with rubies (as it wer)
Or Rosis reid ou'rfret.

What pleasour were to walke and sée,
Endlang a riuer cleare,
The perfite forme of euerie trée,
Within the déepe appeare?

The Salmon out of cruiks and creils,
Vp hailed into skowts,
The bels, and circles on the weills,
Throw lowpping of the trouts.

Or then it were a séemely thing,
While all is still and calme,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With cornet and with shalme.

Bot now the birds with mony schout,
Cals vtr er be their name,
Ga Billie turne our gude about,
Now time is to go hame.

With bellie low the beaſtes beline,
Are turned fra the corne,
Quhilk ſoberly they hameward drive,
With pipe and lilting horne.
Throw all the land great is the gild,
Of ruſtik folk that crie,
Of bleiting ſheepe fra they be fild,
Of calues and rowting ky.
All labourers draws hame at even,
And can till vther ſay,
Thankes to the gracious God of heauen,
Quhilk ſend this ſummer day.

To his ſorrowfull ſaull, conſolation. IIII.

Immortall Spirit, my beſt, maiſt perfite parte,
Why dois thou thus thy ſelfe conſume with caire?
O noble chieftain of my manly harte,
Why art thou thus with thought ouir-ſet ſa ſaire?
Why is thy greefe augmented mair and mair?
Why art thou ſad, and ſorrie to the dead?
Why art thou almaiſt drowned in deepe diſpaire,
And comfort nane can finde, nor na remeid:
Heare in the fleſh thou taiſtis the paines of hell,
Thou vthers helps (my ſaull) now cure thy ſell.
My hart is faint, my fleſh conſumes away,
Within my vaines the bloud is ſkant and cald,
My bains thy bow, my ſtrength dois cleane decay,
My haires are ſchyre and gray, yet I be ald,
My march it melts, my febill limbs thy fauld,
My skin is drie, my hide hes loſt the hew,
My force it faillis to do the thing I wald,
My bewtie faids, my face is paill and blew,

My

My ſight is dim, for ſunken ar mine eies
Howe in my head, and all thrǫw thy diſeis.
Into this lyfe thow knawis their is na reſt,
But daylie paine, inconſtancie and grief,
For quhen thow alwayis wois attend the beſt,
Perchance ſall come the greateſt new miſchief:
Thow knawis thy ſtay, and onely trew reliefe,
Quhair thou in thrall hes comfort fund befǫre,
Imbrace thy God with prayer and beleife,
And in the end thow ſall triumph with glǫre:
Beware, and wiſe thy fais the nocht begile,
Looſe not thy right for ſuffring heare a quhile.
Thow hes not yet bein threttie yeirs and ane,
Into this fleſhlie priſon reſident,
And lo the halfe nereby the ſpace is gane,
Quhilk to remaine heere nature hes thee lent,
Yee natures courſe the Lord he will prevent,
And call thee hamr, if that he thinke it gǫd:
Or if he length this life, hald thee content,
And be commander of the fleſh and blǫd:
While thou art heare (my ſaull) ſee thou contend,
This point of time in wǫrthie warks to ſpend.
Though thou a ſtranger be, and thinks great lang,
Anone thou ſall pas to thy native land,
The hieſt iudge he will revenge thy wrang,
His ſentence ſure the earth can nocht gainſtand,
The day is neare, the hour it is at hand,
The mightie God will come without delay,
Deliver ſall his awin afflicted band,
And from thine eyes ſall wipe the teares away:
Hope and reioiſe, for in the midds of ſtrife, Reu. 21.
Thou ſall be ſure of comfǫrte in this life.
And in the ende when death would thee devǫre,
Hir mǫrtall ſtang ſall nocht take halde on thee,
Bot be hir meanes ſhe ſall the quite reſtǫre,

Vnto thine awin eternall libertie,
With little paine thou ſall diſſoiued be,
Furth of the bands of fleſh where thou art bound,
Syne like a foull aloft ſall ſwiftlie flie,
And leaue the bodie breathles on the ground:
With agile wings thou ſall transcend the sky,
In ſepulchree the corps ſall sleiping ly.
The angels ſall with ſinging thee conboy,
Throw aire and fire vp to the heauens ſa bright,
Where thou ſall dwell in blis and perfite ioy,
With happie ſauls and meſſengers of light,
Frée from the thoughts and ſorrowes of the night,
Voide of all care, calamitie and feare,
For of the Lord thou ſall inioy the ſight,
In whome all graee, and pleaſour ſall appeare.
1. Theſ. 4. 14. With Chriſt thy head thou happie ſall remaine,
To iudge the dead, while he returne againe.
O happie death to life the readie way,
The ende of greefe, and ſaine of ſorrowes all,
O pleaſant ſleepe thy paines they are bot play:
Thy coup is ſwéete, although it taſte of gall,
Thou brings the bound, and wretched out of thrall,
Within the port ſure from the ſtormie blaſt,
For after death na miſchiefe may befall,
Bot wo, wan-chance, and perrels all are paſt,
Of kindely death nane ſuld affraied be,
Bot ſick as hope for na felicitie.
Mat. 24. The day ſall come when all the planets ſeauen,
Sall loſe their light, and mightie influence,
The glittering ſtarnis, and powers of the heauen,
Their force ſall faile, and haill magnificence,
The ſaincts of God ſall ſuffer violence,
The common courſe of mortall things ſall ſtay,
The liuely word ſall get na audience,
For pittie, loue, and lawtie ſall decay:
Then ſall the Sonne of man be ſene deſcend,

Quhilk

Quhilk to all things sall put a finall ende.
It sall be then as in the dayes of Noy,
When mortall men continued in their sin,
They builde, they wed, thay drinke, they liue in ioy, Mat.24.37
Into the arke while godlie Noy went in:
Yet feare sall fall to heare the awfull din,
To see the ende and suddaine change of all,
The giltie minds abaisedly sall rin,
And wish the hils for feare on them to fall,
Bot vppright men shall clearelie vnderstand,
Their sure releefe, and comforte is at hand.
The heauens abone with noise shall passe away, 2.Pet.3.10
And be dissolued with hett consuming fire,
The elements sicklike that latter day,
Shall melt with heat and tyne their faire attire,
The sea and earth, and all this haile impire,
Sall be brunt vp, and euerie thing shall burne,
Contain'd therin, flesh, bodie, bain, and lyre,
Man maid of ashe to ashes sall returne:
Bot God the Lord, whose promisses are trew,
For heauen and earth hes height vs vthers new. Isa.65.17
Who can deuise? or yet be words expres? 66.22.
What hart can think? or high ingine invent? Reu.21.1
The maiestie the perfite holines,
The glorie great, the beautie excellent,
The shining light, the heauenly ornament,
The day, the way, or yet th'appointed place,
Of Christs descense, downe throw the firmament, Psal.110.1.
When all his foes shall fall before his face? 1.Cor.15.25
No (Lord) our wit na higher can atteine,
Nor be thy word is set before our eine.
As fierie flauches with suddaine thundring thuds, Mat.24.27
And glansing gleims, shines all the world throughout:
So sall the Lord appeare into the cluds, 1.Thes.4.16.
With leaming light, and with a suddaine shout, Mat.24.31
The angels cleare shall compas him about,

With

With mightie ſound the trumpets blaſt ſall blaw,
The dead ſall heare, and riſe all in a rout,
And all that ſleepe in Chriſt ſall thether draw:
1. Cor, 15. Then thow (my ſaull) this body ſall reſume,
23. To meet the Lord and ſee the day of dume.
Ouid. 1. Metamor. Sum ſayis that Pyrrha women made of ſtains,
fab, 7. And men were formed be Deucalion.
1. Cor. 15. But certainely of deid corrupted bains:
35. A liuelie corps that day ſall riſe anone,
Yea be the word, and wark of God alone,
As kindly corne cummes of the rottin ſeid,
Or flowres reverts that withered were and gon:
Sa ſall all fleſh reuiue that taiſted deid,
Be ſea or land, ſen firſt the warld began:
1. Theſ. 4. This may the Lord, quhilk of duſt creat man.
15. 16. Quhen all the dead obeyed hes the blaſt,
And clad themſelues with immortalitie,
Then ſall proceid the liuing at the laſt,
Quhilks ſall not ſleip, nor yet diſſolued be,
1. Cor. 15. But in ane clap and twinkling of ane eye,
51. 52. 53. They ſall be chang'd, and all transformed new,
In ſubſtance pure, apt for eternitie,
Cleane, incorrupt, and of ane heauenly hew:
Swa baith the quick and dead ſall them prepare,
Syne mount and meit Chriſt Ieſus in the air.
1. Theſ. 4. The iudge maiſt Juſt with iuſtice ſall proceid,
17. Quhair na defence, nor cautele, ſall availl,
Na butie, blude, nor riches ſall remeid,
But welth and wit, friends, force, and all ſall faill:
Quhen all the warld ſal be conuened haill,
Before the throne, that feirfull ſight to ſe,
Mat. 25. 31 His awin elect the Lord ſall then out-waill,
At his right hand quhilks ſall all planted be.
Then ſall he ſay: Cum haue your right reward,
My bleſſed flock quhilk was for you prepard.
But at the left, and on the vther hand,

In

In quaiking dreid, in miſerie and wo,
The wicket trowp of criminals ſall ſtand,
To whome the dume ſall be pronounced ſo:
O ye accurſt into the heis ye go:
Mat.25.41
For vglie deuils a muſt prepared dyre,
Ye knew me nocht, therefore I know ye no,
Vos to be caſt in euerlaſting fire:
In dying death ye weiping ſall remaine,
And gnaſhing teith, into the endles paine.
O tyrants proud, O ſtinking wormes and duſt,
O infidels and libertines prophain,
Ye obſtinate and Iudges maiſt vniuſt,
Remord ye nocht to heare this ſpeiking plain?
Or think ye not that Chriſt ſhall cum again,
Though for a time he patiently you ſpair:
O brutall beiſts, your thoghts are falſe & vain,
Your puniſhment it is reſerued thair:
Watch and baware the dyet is vnkend,
Mat.24.36
Stoup & repent while ye haue grace to mend.
Then thou my ſaull with great triumph and gloir,
With ſaincts aſſembled on the vther ſide,
Sall take the corps quhair thou was firſt before,
Vnto the higb and holie cietie wide,
With melodie we ſall all thither glide,
Sing and reioyce even as the Lord hes ſaid,
Into that blis and laſting life to bide,
Prepaird for vs before the earth was laid:
So when the Sun hes finiſht everie thing.
To God maiſt high he ſall remit the ringe.
Bot now my hart within my bowdin breiſt
I feill rewert and wondrouſly reveiſ,
My ſaull ſhrinke hir ſorrowing ſhe hes ceiſt,
And of my ſang a perfite Joy can preiſ:
The life to come ſo firmely I beleeue,
That though all fleſh to death were redy boun
I ſhould be ſure the Lord wald me releeue,

Thought all the warld were turned vp-ſide downe:
Lord, hallowed be thy haly name diuine,
For power, praiſe, the reigne, and all is thine.

Thankes for deliverance of the ſicke. V.

QVhy dois my ſilent tung repoſe, and hald her peace? (ceaſe?
Quhy dois my voice, the worthie praiſe of God, from ſinging
My ſlouthfull lips that ſuld pronounce, ar cloſed night and day.
My mouth is ſealed vp as though, I had nathing to ſay,
Behald with mony holocauſt, and vndeſerued gloze,
The pagane blinde his mightles God, and idole dois adoze:
The altar with the blude of beaſts, is ſprinkled be the Iew,
He makis a ſmuike, and ſmelling ſweet for payment of his vow.
And ſuld not I, an impe of Chriſt, redemed from my ſinne,
Ane ſacrifice of thankes preſent: But quhair ſall I begin:
For quhy? our God in all reſpects, is infinite perfite,
Yea, moze diuine noz Man can think, conceine oz yet indite,
All gude, all iuſt, all wiſe and trew, all mercifull, and kinde,
Almightie, ſtrang, and liberall, all preuident in minde.
Yet as I haight, ſo ſall I hald, to magnifie the Lord,
Quhilk hes the pyning patient, againe to health reſtozd.
The wonderfull and diuers meanes can not be fullie ſhawin,
Quhairby the Lord the wicked wraikes & conquiſis his awin:
Be weire, be want, be loſſe of freinds, be greeuous thought and care,
Be ſeruitude, be lang exile, be ſickneſ ſharpe and ſare.
The Monarch great, the tirant proud, the liuer inſolent,
Quhen be the mightie hand of God, a ſair diſeaſe is ſent,
For all their force anone they faint, they ar deiected law,
From all ſocietie and game, themſelues they do withdraw:
Maiſt like the Deare quhilk wonted is, with gun, oz deadly dart,
Flies from the heard to ſum deſert, quhair he may lie apart:
Luſt, luxurie, nyce deintie fair, they raik not by a leik,
Na mirth noz earthlie vanitie, is pleaſant to the ſeik.

Quha

Quha wald not in his heaute plight, and cruell pining paine,
All worldly wealth and glore renunce, to haue his health againe?
The bewtifull wald loſe his hew, the ſtrang wald quite his ſtrength,
The rich his ſtore his threaſor great, and fertile lands of length:
The burning maiſt ambitious breſt, wald quite his noble fame,
And be content without renoum, to lead his life at hame.
Bot all in vaine the burniſt gold, nor heapes of ſiluer bright,
The ſtately ſtaines, the iewels rich, nor buildings huge of hight:
The braue dependers monie ane, nor higheſt dignities,
May not their dupning maiſter mend, nor yet his torment eaſe:
The precious drinks medicinall, ſum ſweit, ſum bitter ſower,
Nor minerals may not prolong his loathſome life ane howr:
Whome God anis be his iudgement iuſt, appointed hes for deid,
Na medicine, na elixir, nor monie may remeid.
When treſullie Antiochus, from Perſia lute draw,
Into his rage he made a vow, the Iewes to ouerthraw,
Againſ the faithles ſaincts of God, to turne his cruell face,
And make Ieruſalem for Iewes, a common buriall place:
Bot in his pride the Lord him ſmote, while he was thither bown,
With ſick diſeaſe that from his couche, for faintnes he fell downe:
Sick bitter paine remedyles his bowels did deuide,
That of his fleſh the men about, might nocht the ſtinke abide:
And nocht appeaſed was the Lord (a fearefull thing to heare)
While he the naughtie wormes his corps conſumed was inteir.
The Lord ſicklike when leaſt he weind, maiſt iuſtly maid to fall,
The thryſe extreme Herodian pride, be litil vermine ſmall,
While he did perſecute the kirke, and lines of preachers ſought,
They greedily deuord him quick, and eate him vp to nought,
With vnkouth, and incurabill diſeaſes wonder fell,
Euen from the earth the Lord cuts of the wicked that rebell.
Bot as the ſickneſ iuſtly ſent confounds the faes of God,
Sa ſerues it to his ſeruants of a neidefull whipping rod:
For like as when the little childe, gainſtands the fathers will,
Caſts downe his face with froward lokes, and ſtubburnly dois ſtill:
The wiſe and loving father then, puts to his gentill hand,
And for his weill with awfull boaſt layes on the byting wand,

Quhill tawnd with stryppes, the tender child, with sobs and monie teare
And reuthfull skreikes crues oft alace, Gods mercie father deare,
Sa when the children of the Lord, transgressed hes his law,
And blinded with their awin delights, their dewtie dois misnaw,
Ye takes the rod and sicknes sends, the punishment of sin,
And strikes the flesh with torment sair, externall and within:
Quhill all defaut the sickly saull, vnfeinedly repent,
Sine on this waies, vnto the Lord direct his heauie plent.
I mon confes (O mightie God) I haue offended thee,
And iustly through my great trespas, deserued hes to die,
In seruing thee I haue bin slack, I haue vnthankfull beene,
My cheritie was growin cald, my life it was vncleene:
For quhilk I feele thy fellon wraith, against me kendled het,
How can I lift, my head and hart with sicknes are ouerset,
I tast na kinde of fude by day, I take na rest by night,
The figour onely of a man, but onely force or might:
Bot (Lord) when thou art bound to strike, quha dow abide thine yie?
Thou knawis that I am fraile, therefore forbeare me I desire,
Forgiue me anis, restore my strength, releeue me of this paine,
And all that amis I sall amend, and sall not sin againe,
All this and mair with broken voice, and hands to heaben out-spred,
The Godly patient he powrs out, vpon his carefull bed:
The highest God from heauen beholds, and is content to see,
The sinner earnestly repent, and to his mercie flee:
Then be his halie helping hand, he raises from the dust,
The pure afflicted faithfull saull, intending to be iust,
Ye makes the physicke take effect, the slummers soft he gettis,
The force quhilk did before decay, from day to day reuettis:
While to the gloire of the Lord, and ioy of his elect,
Ye fullie to their health restore, them whom he did deiect:
The godly Hezekiah king, was sick in great distres,
And be the Prophete warnd, that he sould neuer conuales:
Bot when he called to the Lord, and wept with bitter teares,
The God of health withdrew the rod, and to his plaint gaue eares:
The morning thrise had nocht renewed hir heauenly ornament,
When to the temple of the Lord, to worship he vp went,

And

And thrise fiue helthie happie yeares, were granted him to leaue,
In signe whereof, that he such heichts might constantly beleeue,
The Sun retird haill ten degrees from Occident till East.

What vails the waters of the Wols, or pardons of a preist,
O pilgrim blind, what can the baims of men prolong thy dayes?
That God is gever of the health, whome sun and Mone obayes.

Right sa the iuist and suffring Iob, a mirrour to the rest,
Was he nocht sair with byles, and brunks, and powertie oppreist? Iob. 1. 13. & 2. 7. 8. 4. 1. 7. 17 & 41. 10.
From head to heele with botches black, his bodie was ou'r-cled,
Contemned be his wife and friends, the ashes were his bed:
Yet when the Lord him tryed had, his health he did restore,
And purchast to himselfe thereby, ane euerlasting glore.

This then we see: the mightie God, the crosse of sickines sends,
Unto his awin adopted sonnes, to mony diuers ends,
Now as a plague, now as a pruife, that man may clearely knaw:
How he is weake, and of himselfe cannot fulfill the law,
Now as a prick to call to minde quhat euill is, and good,
To moue the dull forgetfull heart, demerst in flesh and blood.
What bitter teares? what inwart sighs? what feruent prayers dépe?
Be sicklike meanes the Lord drawes out, of them that are a sléep?
Euen as beforze forth of the flint, is forst the fyrie spreit:
Or as the Bée, out of the weids, extracts the hony sweit,
Ane hundreth heauenly thoughts, the sick will meditate in minde,
Contemne the world, and mans conceits to wickednes inclind,
Diuinely with themselues discourse, of mony pleasant thing,
Quhilk they forget, and in their health, to minde could neuer bring.

O gratious rod, whereby the Lord and man are reconcealed,
O happie sicknes of the flesh, whereby the saull is healed,
O meruellous great medicines, and soueraine medicine,
Quhilk be the bodie to the saull, dois mightilie attaine.
Of sicknes sowper the end is sweete, for be these sharp diseasis,
He wunds the sensles harts of men, quhilk pleasor cauterisis:
Bot mightely he raises vp the faithfull when they fall.

I haue béene seik, and to the Lord did atrip cry and call,
Quhilk euer did exhawse my voice, and healed me with speede,
Whome my wit he did prouide, and send me helpe at neede:

Nocht onely me he did releeue, when I was fair affrayed.
Bot alſo from the dure of death, even them for whome I prayed.
He is the rare phyſition wiſe, the trew Medicinar,
In Chirurgie of perfite skill, the traiſt Apothecar:
And all that falſely is aſſcryued to Eſculapius,
To Zoroaſt, till Apuleie or to Democritus:
He can performe in verie deede, he can the dolor ſwage,
Reſtore the health prolong the dayes, renew the widdered age,
Reuiue the dead, and ſins forgiue, the onely ſource of all,
Quhile I may laſt (O liuing Lord) thy praiſes ſing I ſall.
I ſall thee bliſs quhill vitall braith within my breiſt remains,
Quhill I haue memorie or wit, or heate within my vaines,
For all thy gifts and graces great, thou granted hes to me,
Withe thankfull heart this ſacred ſang, I dedicate to thee:
Lord, try me nocht with ſair aſſaults, leaſt ſuddainely I ſlide,
Bot if thou try, augment my ſtrength, ſick tryall to abide:
And ſyne to ſerue and worſhip thee, I preſentlie intend,
God giue me grace to perſeuere vnto my liues end.

Of Gods omnipotencie. VI.

O Euerie liuing warldly wight,
Awake and dres your ſelfs with ſpeede:
To ſerue and praiſe the God of might,
From whome all bountie dois proceede:
For gif ye drift, and ſtill refuſe,
The heauens and earth will you accuſe.
The brutall beaſts but onye ſtryfe,
They willinglie his voice obay:
The creatures that hes na life,
Sets forth his glorie day by day:
The earth, the aire, the ſea, and fire,
Ar ſubiect all to his empire.
The heauen it is his dwelling place,
Mat. 5. 34. 35. The earth his futt-ſtule law,
His warres are all before his face:
Of hearts the ſecreits he dois knaw,

And

And euerie thing as in a glas,
He seis before it cum to pas.
The swift and actiue fierie spreits,
The Cherubins of substance pure,
They walk amang the holie streits, 4. Kings 6
And makes him daylie seruice sure: 19
Yea, at all times they readie stand, Iob. 1. 6.
To gang and cum at his command.
When Ionah in the sea was cast, Ionah. 1. 7.
By Lot, for saletie of the leaue, 15. 17. &
A mightie Quhaill did fellow fast, 2. 10.
Prepard the prophet to receaue:
Quhilk at command did him deuore,
Syne brought him safely to the shore.
And as Eliah lurking lay,
Lang solitar by Cherith side, 1. King. 17
The rauens left their common pray, 5. 6.
His sustenance for to prouide,
As they were charged him to fede,
They brought him daylie flesh and bread.
Quha learned Balaams brutall asse,
The angell of the Lord to knawe Num. 22.
A sute she forward wald not pas, 28.
That way where she him standing saw,
Bot spake that marueil was to see,
Against hir maisters crueltie.
The roaring lions fiers and fell, Dan. 6. 6.
Brought vp and baited ay with bloud, 22. 23.
They spard the godly Daniell, Mat. 8. 28.
Exposed to them in place of fude:
Sa fishes, fouls, and rauenous beists,
Of God maist high they bald the heists.
The verie deuils dare nocht rebell,
Against his Maiestie and might,
The spreits vncleane he did expell,
Forth of the pure possessed wight,

Quha but his priuiledge diuine,
Durst na way enter in the swine.

Into the prophets mouthes the spreit,
3.King.22. 21. Of lies could neuer enter in,
Quhile he did licence first intreate:
Of God the Lord, for Ahabs sin,
Quhilk be that meanes did him entyse,
His awin defait till enterprise.

His halie statute to fulfill,
And potent power to declaire,
The massiue earth reposis still,
Suspended in the ceilfull eire:
And at hir dew appointed houres,
Brings forth maist pleasant fruits & flowres.

Quhat thing is fiercer nor the seat
Wair raging nor the awfull deepe:
Quhilk back retird at his decrie,
And dois her bounds and marchis keepe:
Gen.1.9.10 Exod.14.21. Syne at his charge apart stude by,
To make his hoste a passage dry.

Without the subtile air but dout,
Na plaint nor liuing thing may leif:
Therefore it cleanes the earth about,
And is in euerie place possest,
Then as his godlie wisedome wald,
Decernes the seasons hett and cald.

The brimstane and the burning fire,
Gen.19.24 Maist suddenely from heauen fell downe,
For to consume into this yre,
Baith Sodome, and, Gomorrah towne:
Bot in the firie furnace he,
Preserued safe the children three.

Dan.3.23. The mightie winds blawes to and fra,
From euerie airth be day and night,

Bot

We heare them thudding by vs ga,
Yet not conceaues them with our sight:
Bot in a clap the Lord to please,
Their blasts they quietly appease.

Like flocks of fowls the clouds abone,
Furth flies and couers all the sky:
Againe they suddenly remoue,
We wat not where nor reason why:
Bot till obey his holy law,
They poure out rain, sharpe haile, and snaw.

Behald the fearefull thunder crack,
And fierie flaughts sa violent,
Appeares nocht in the cloudis black,
Quhile be the highest they be sent:
The harts of men are dasht with feare,
Sik lights to see, and claps to heare.

The heauen sa high, sa cleare of hew,
Declares his power passing weill:
Sua swift of course ay recent new,
Reuoluing like a turning wheill,
Nane knowes whereof the globe is made,
Quhais beautie at na time dois fade.

He made the Sun a lampe of light,
A woll of heate to shine by day,
He made the Mone to guide the night:
And set the starnis in gud array,
Orion, Pleiads, and the Vrse,
Obserues their dew prescriued course.

O Poets: paganes impudent,
Quhy worship ye the planets seauen?
The gloze of God be you is spent,
On Idols and the hoste of heauen,
Prayde your pens mens eares to pleis,

With fables and fictitious leis.
Your knowledge is bot ignorance,
Your cunning curiositie:
I finde your facund eloquence,
Repleete with fekles fantasie:
Ye neuer knew the lively rod,
Nor gospell of the sun of God.
He is aboue Mercurius
Aboue Neptunus on the sea,
The winds they knaw not Eolus:
Their is na Iupiter but he,
And all your Gods baith great and small,
Are of na force for he is all.
Bot sonnes of light ye knaw the trueth,
Extoll the Lord with heart and minde,
Remoue all stayes and sluggishsleuth,
Obey his voice for he is kinde:
That heauen and earth may witnes beare,
Ye loue that God which bought you deare.

The triumph of the Lord, after the manner of men. VII.

Alluding to the defait of the Spanish navie in the yeare, 1588.

TRiumphant Lord of armies and of hostes,
Thou hes subdu'd the vniuersall coastes:
From South to North, from East till Occident,
Thou shawes thy selfe great God armipotent:
O captaines, Kinges, and Christian men of weir,
Gar barrauds baist in coats of armor cleir,
For to proclaime with trumpet and with shout:
A great triumph th'vniuers throughout:
For certainely the Lord he will be knawin,

And

And haue that prayse quhilk iustlie is his awin.
O yee that wuns amang the pleasant feilds,
Quhair fertile crofts their yearly profite yealds,
And all that beigh vp in the hieland dwells:
Amang the mures, the mountaines, and the wells,
And yee that in the forrest fare remaine,
Far from the burghs, ga to the burghs again:
Baith man and maides, put on your garments gay:
And ornaments made for the holy daie,
Leaue of your wark, let al your labour be:
This braue triumph, and royall feast to se.
Let cities, kirks, and euerie noble towne.
Be purified, and decked vp and downe,
Let all the streets, the corners, and the rewis,
Be strowd with leaues, and flowres of diuers hewis,
With birke, and lawrell of the woddis wild,
With Lauendar, with Thime, and Cammamild:
With Mint and Pedworres seemelie to beseen,
And lurkin Gowanes of the medowes grein,
Let temples, staires, the porchis, and the ports,
And windows wide quhair luickers on resorts,
With tapistrie be hung, in Turkie sought,
With claith of gold, and siluer richly wrought,
Let euerie place, and palice be repleat
With fine perfume, and fragrant odors sweat,
Suffumigat with nard and cinnamon,
With myrhe, and muske, camphyre, and bdellium,
With incence frank, Aloes, Calamus,
With Saffran, Mastick, and Iunperus.
Expose your gold, and shyning siluer bright,
On couered copburdes set in opin sight,
Ou'rgilted coups, with carued couers clear,
Fyne precious stains, quhair they may best appear,
Lawers in ranks, and siluer bassings shine,
Saltfats outthorne, and glasses chrystalline.
Makt scaffalds clare for cumlie comedies,

For pleasant playes, and morall tragedies:
All to decore with ioy, and ane accord,
This new triumph, and Sabboth of the Lord.
Right as the poynt of day begins to spring,
And Larks aloft melodiouslie to sing,
Bring forth all kind of instruments of weere,
To ga before and make a noyce cleer:
Gar trumpets sound the awfull battalls blast,
On dreadfull drumms gar strik alarum fast,
Mak shouting shalms and persing phipers shill,
Clean cleave the cluds, and piers the hiest hill,
Cause mightily the weirly notis breik:
On hieland pypes Scots, and Hibernik,
Let heir the shraichs of deadly Clarions,
And syne let of a volie of cannons,
Quhill quhat for reick, rude rummishing, and reard,
The heavens resound, and trimbling take the eard.
Let enter fine in proper painted carts,
The buting rich, brought from the fardest parts,
And ample pray quhilk great Iehouah wan,
From his first: kais, sen first the warld began.
Their sall be sein the ensignes displayed,
Bright baners braid, and standdards weill arrayed,
Sum white and reid, sum yeallow, grein, and blew,
Quhilk God perforce out of their handes threw:
The portrators of euerie vanquest towne,
Of Cittadells, and rampiers of renoune,
The likely forme of fousseis large and deepe,
The modells great of castills eith to keep,
The forme of forths inuincible to se,
Of mightie walls, and ramforst towers so hie,
Demolist all, into a birdis nest:
With great and iust artailzerie celest.
Sa sall be seen the figoures of the fleets,
With fearfull flags, and weill calfatерd bots,
Of gallays swift, and many gallias,

Quhilk

Quhilk throughe the seas but perrell thought to pas,
Faire seemely shippes of four, fine hundreth tuns,
All furnisht full of fire-warks, and of guns,
Quharof be force their was sum captiues led,
Sum cleane defaut, sum fugitiues and fled:
Yet from the Lord na way could finde to flie,
Bot in their flight were tossed on the se:
The waltering wais, and raging windie blast,
Paid vp their towes, and causd them hew their mast,
And sine were cast for all their brags and boist,
Sum on a schald, sum on ane prin coist,
Sum gaid in tua buird on ane forrain land,
Sum on a rok, sum on a whirling sand,
Quhile nane were safe vnperisht to be found,
Bot men and all went to the water ground.
Let follow nixt in ordor to be scin,
Their armour cleare, and warlike wapins schein
Hard halecrets, helmets, and hewmonts bright,
Licht haberschons, habriks, and harneis light,
Murrions for men of fute, and shining sheilds,
Barding for horse appointed for the fields,
Gantlets ourgilt, wambraillis gainand weill,
Torslets of pruif, and mony targe of steill,
Sum varneist bright, sum dorred diuersly,
That men may muse sic precious geir to see.
Th'ilk samin wapis, exemple for to gine,
Draw in on heaps their armour offensiue,
Great ordinance, and feilding peices fell,
Puskets maist meit with men of armes to mell,
Hagbuts with lunts, pistolles with rowets fine,
Swift fierie darts deuisd be great ingine,
Crosbowes of waight, and Gnosik gaimpeis kein,
Strang pousing picks the charge plaist to sustein,
Bunshes of speirs, and Launces light, and lang,
Steill ar, and masse, for barded horsses strang,
Fyne arming swords, and vther grunding glaues,

Quhilk

Quhilk maid na ſtead when they were rendered ſlaues,
Their guns miſgaue, their ſpeirs like buin wands brak
Their fainted hearts for feare retird aback.
Their threſours rich, wherein they put their truſt,
To all the warld ſalbe maid manifeſt:
Let men erpres appointed be to beir,
Their ſiluer heaps in plaits of ſiluer cleare:
Their ſiluer wark, and precious ornament,
Sall follow next in order ſubſequent,
Not to their praiſe, but to their ſhame and ſcorne:
Their cuinzied gold, in baiſings ſall be borne,
Of moltin gold diſcovered to be ſein:
With precious ſtains quhilk fed their grædie ein,
Their goldſmith wark and veſſells of great waight,
Token ſick ſoles agains the Lord to fight.
Let publikely be caried throw the townes,
The diadems, the ſcepters, and the crowns:
And honored ſwords of many puiſſant king,
Whom Iah our God down from their throne did thring
Beſides theſe things vſe all the meanes ye may,
To ſanctifie the Lord that ſolemne day:
For great Pompeie, nor Paull Emilius
Marck Antony nor Cæſar Iulius
The Scipioes the hardie bretheren twa,
Nor nain in Rome triumphed neuer ſa.
When on this waies the butting is inbrought,
And all their force declared to be nought,
The emperors, and kings ſall ga behinde,
That greater nain was on the earth to finde,
As men deſait cled all in dule full black,
In coſchis traind with ſlander, ſhame, and lack:
Their children young, and minzeis in a rout,
Dreſt all in dule ſall march their coſch about,
With bitter teares, with ſighes, and courage cald:
When they their Lords in ſik eſtaite behald,
Their counſelors ſall gang with dreric cheir:

And

And count their wit to be bot follie mere.
The multitude then diuerſly ſall deim,
And of that ſight ſall diuerſlie eſteim:
For ſum ſall rin and gaſe them in the face,
Any ſair be waile to ſee them in ſick caſe,
Yea they that wiſht their wrack and death before,
Their miſerie ſall mein and pittie ſore.
Bot ſum ſa ſone as they them ſer ga by,
Hall heaue their hands and make a mightie cry,
Deride their force and ſhout into thir eir:
Take their the kings quhilk made the Lord the weir.
Ane vther ſorte ſall ſich, and whiſper thus,
Heare is behald a matter maruellous:
Their monarchs great confided in their ſtrength,
And thought by force to win the world at length:
To way the hils, and right vp to the skies,
Bot now their pride and puiſſance broken lyes:
„ Kings are bot men, men are bot wormes and duſt,
„ The God of heauen is onely great, and iuſt.
Bot now I leaue the ordor and array,
Of men defait and entring of the pray:
Our whome the Lord triumphed hes or now,
And ſall triumph for he hes maid a vow,
To put his fais to flight and open ſhame,
To purchaſe him a praiſe and laſting name.
I will the forme now ſummarly ſet downe,
How Chriſtian kings, and captaines of renowne,
Hall enter in the burghs that holy day,
What they ſall do, what they ſall ſing and ſay:
Their perfite ioy and pleaſour to expres,
To magnifie the might and holines
Of God the Lord the great triumpher ſtrang:
The chaſtiſer of wickednes and wrang.
Euen ſik (I ſay) as Ioue our God erected,
As inſtruments and meſſengers directed,
To work his wark, and fight into his field

Hall

Hall armed be that day with ſpear and ſheild,
Baith horſſe and ſute in weirlike maner dreſt:
In glittering geare quhilk braueſt is and beſt,
All weill arrayd in ſquadrons, troups and bands,
Maiſt muſter-like: ſyn, in their doughtie hands,
Ilk man a palme, and laurell branch ſall beare,
The proper ſigne of victorie in weir,
And on their heads ſall haue their laurell crowns:
Sa ſall they march and enter in the towns,
As conquerers, and ſoldarts of the Lord,
Quhilk valliantlie with courage and accord,
Were reddie bent till execute his charge,
And fight beneath his bliſſed banner large.

The muſicke then, and heauenly harmony
Of inſtruments accorded in a krie,
Maiſt muſicall and delicate to get,
Hall their be heard together ſweitly ſet:
As clarſhons cleare, dounce friddonning of flutes,
The viols ſwift, and fineſt Venus lutes,
Joynd with the voice of men, and breiſking boyes,
Quhais meaſour iuſt ſall modulat the noyſe:
That Cleopatra in her gallay gay,
Nor ſingars on ſaint Cecils holy day:
Empedocles the wiſe Sicilian,
Nor Orpheus the craftie Thracian,
Phylirides, nor ſkilfull Arion,
Nor famous lute of cunning Amphion,
Struike neuer note ſo pleaſant to the eir,
Nor ſang ſa ſweit as they that ſall be heir.

Bot quha pretends the puiſſance to declare,
Right as it is, or enters to compare:
The gloire of God with that of mortall men,
Hall tyne bot time, and tyre his painefull pen,
Als far as light, the darkenes dois deface,
Or hell is from the higheſt holy place,
Als far as ſclaues are from the ſtait of Kings,

Or widdring weids, from euerlasting thinges:
Als far his might surmounts the might of man,
His pompe and pryde, and all the craft he can.
The Romans fleut quhilk had the earth ourthrawin,
At their triumphs in chariots great was drawin,
Be diuers beasts quhairin they tuik delite,
For sum were train'd be horsse of coulor white,
And sum be harts contrarie to their kinde,
Be cruining Bulls of heigh and hautie minde,
Be Elephants, and sum be Lions laide,
In claith of gold and finest purpor claid.
But he quhais wraith consumis like burning coles,
Quhilk turnes the heauens vpon the stable poles:
Hes left the earth, and rydes vpon the sky,
Na mortall eyes may face to face espy
The Lord, and liue: his chariots are of fire,
He makes the earth to trimble in his yre,
Great Jesus Christ conducts his armie stout,
The angels bright they compas him about:
His maiestie the tounes can nocht conteine,
Yet is, and hes be power present bein.
Heaue vp therefore (yee christian men of weir)
Your hands, your hearts, your eyes, and voyces cleir,
Unto the high and great triumpher strang,
That solemne day sine let this be your sang.

The song of the Lords souldiours.

O King of Kings, that sits aboue,
Thy might, thy mercie, and thy loue,
Thy works are wonderfull to tell,
In earth thy name mot praised be,
And in the holie places hie,
For nane is like thée but thy sell.
Upon the firmament thou ryds,

And all the worꝛld diuinely gydes,
To hell thy power dois extend,
Men may imagine, men may deuiſe,
Men may conclude and interpꝛiſe,
Bot thou dois modifie the end.
This day we magnifie thy name,
Foꝛ thou hes put till open ſhame,
And turnd thy fellon fais to flight,
Their Idols and their armies greit,
Their foꝛce availd them not a whit,
Their towers & towns hes felt thy might.
Gen.11. Thou ſtaid the towꝛer of Babylon,
Unbuilded higher be a ſtone,
Though Nimrod thought to reach to hea-
The toungs of men were ſo confuſed, (uen,
That they their fwlifh wark refuſed,
And ſundꝛie through the earth wers dꝛiuen,
Exod.13. 21.&14. 17,28. God ſend to guide his armie right,
A cloude be day, a fire be night,
And led them ſafely through the ſie,
Foꝛ all King Pharaos pꝛide and boſt,
His chariots, hoꝛſmen, and his hoſt,
Were dꝛownd and fand na way to flie.
Ioſ.6. Of Iericho he bꝛuiſd the wall,
And quickly maid it flatling fall,
When as their pꝛeiſts their trumpets blew,
The people maid a mightie ſhout,
When they had paſt the towne about,
And ſa the citie ouerthꝛew.
Ioſh.10. Fiue Kings he chaſt at Gibeon,
And as they fled to Beth-horon,
With haile he ſlew them by the way,
The Sun and Mone at his command,
Into the lift he maid to ſtand,
To make the Amorites a pꝛay.
Quha ever hard of armour ſick,

Quhat

Quhat bullets euer flew sa thick,
As hailestains fell downe in that schower?
Na gunners could that hartsene clenge,
They knew not whome on to reuenge,
Bot gazed on the heauenly tower.
Be Ioshua he wrought thir things,
And vainquetst ane and threttie kings,
As Iorden rins on euerie syde,
Quhilk may all kings example giue, Iosh.12,
Sa lang as men on earth may liue,
In God the greatest to confyde.
He baith devyse, and wrought the dedes,
Of Gideon against the Medes,
And strake the multitude with feare, Iudg.7.
Thrè hundreth men defait their campe,
With trumpet, pitcher, and with lampe:
That was a stratageme of weir.
He strength and manheid by the lane,
To Samson, and to Dauid gaue, Iudg.14, 15, &, 16, 1, Sam, 17, 21.27. 2. Sam, 5, 6,
Quha maid the Philistims to fall,
His awin he mightelie susteins,
Be wonderfull and vnkouth meanes,
To schaw that God is guide of all.
The puissant King of Syria, 2. Kings.7,
Quhen he beseig'd Samaria,
The God of battels succours send,
For in that camp was hard sick din,
Of carts and horse quhilk seem'd to rin,
That nain durst bide to see the ende.
Quhen proud Sanecherib blasphemed,
Invincibill his puissance seemed,
Zit hame with shame he turn'd againe,
Nine score, fiue thousand on a night, 2, King. 19
Were smote by them that tooke the slight,
Sine be his sonnes, himselfe was slaine.
In weir the Lord gines victorie,

From time to time, as we may ſee,
Be meanes vnluked for of men:
As he was then, ſa is he now,
Though faithles folk will neuer trow,
Quhile be experience they ken.

He is the mightie God of weir,
He ſtrykes his faes with ſuddaine feir,
Quhen they appeare maiſt ſtrong & ſtout.
The harts of Kings are in his hands,
He breakes their legs and bloudy bands,
And brings his purpoſis about.

Euen in our dayes haue we not ſein,
The wicked fall before our ein,
Into their beſt cruell rage?
The greateſt dukes and kings annoynted,
We ſaw them laitly diſappointed,
And get their weill deſerued wage.

Pſal. 68. 2. As wax is melted by the fire,
So be the Lords conſuming yre:
The might of man melts cleane away,
To ſick as conſtantlie beléeues,
Ye courage and good ſucces giues,
And will not ſée their cauſe decay.

Though for a time the proud preuaile,
Their glas will run, their force will faile,
Vnto the Lords eternall gloire:
And when before our fais we fall,
Be ſure our ſins are cauſe of all,
Quhilk we ſuld earneſtly deplore.

O Iah our God: be thou our guide,
In battails be thou on our ſide,
And we ſall nather fall nor flée,
Through Chriſt thy ſonne our ſins forgiue,
And make vs in thy law to liue,
That we may praiſe and worſhip thée.

And

The great triumph this way sall take ane end
And all the hoste sall to the temple wend,
As custome is in well arrayed ranks,
With sacrifice of prayers and of thanks:
The soldarts stout sall all receaue reward,
For lo, the Lord the banket hes prepaird:
To feede his hoste with heauenly liuelie fude,
Euen with his sonne Christs bodie and his blude:
Quhat suld the gifts that lasts bot for a space?
Or drinking of the riuer Euphrates?
The woll of life (as happie men and blist) Reu. 21. 6.
They sall anis taist, and neuer mair haue thrist.

4. October. 1589.

The humiliation of a sinner. VIII

The weight of sin is wondrous great,
Quha may that grieuous burdin beir?
My God maist humblie I submit,
My selfe before thy hienes heir:
Oh: rewthfullie incline thine eir.
Unto my pittifull complent:
Thy punishment, and plagues retire.
From me pure pyning penitent.

Quhen darkenes hes the heauen reveft,
Bot ather Mone or Starnie light,
Quhen man and beast are at their rest,
Throw secreit silence of the night,
I woltring like a woefull wight,
Still waking in my bed I ly.
My sins presents them in my sight,
Oh harken, Lord, for helpe I cry.

My panfing dois augment my paine,
Because I cannot be excused,
I am sa oft relaps againe,
Into the sin quhilk I refused,

Thy clemencie I haue abuſed,
Be leading of a wicked life,
My ſpreit within this fleſh inſuſed,
Is like to periſh in the ſtriſe.
Ah: to my kais then ſall I yéld:
And all thy mercies great deſpair?
Ah: ſall I now giue ouer the field?
And neuer luke for mercie mair?
Quhilk hes ſa oft baith lait and air,
Sung praiſe to thée with ioyfull hart,
No Lord, preſerue me from that ſnare,
And let this cuppe from me depart.
Mat. 11, 28 I haue aſſurance of thy ſpreit,
That thou the laidned will releéue,
Quhilk cums to thée with heart contreit,
And in thy bountie dois beléeue:
My ſéebill faith, O Lord, reuiue,
For though my ſinnes be like the ſand,
Zit thou art abill to forgiue,
And raiſe me with thy helping hand.
Quha can vnfeinedly repent?
Lu, 5, 21, Quha can from wickednes abſtein?
Iohn, 6, 44 Vnles the grace be to him lent,
To ſigh and ſob with weeping eyn:
Your prayer profits not a prin,
Except the ſame from faith proceid:
Let faith and grace in me be grein,
That I may turne to thée in neide.
Lord with my ſelfe I am diſpleaſed,
And wearies of this burding faſt,
Thy wraith therefore let be appeaſed,
Forget my foule offenſes paſt:
I feare, I faint, I am agaſt,
Quhen I perpend mine awin eſtait,
Bot this releéſe I find at laſt,
My penitence is nocht to late,

albeit

Albeit thou be ane vpright iudge,
Thou art my father not the les,
My buklar and my sure refuge,
My onely comfort I confesse:
Haue pittie on my great distresse,
Cast nocht me catiue cleane away,
Thou knawes the inwart heauines,
For sin I suffer euerie day.
This then (my God) of grace I crave,
With humble heauie heart of thee,
My sins are like me to deceaue,
Bot let me not deceaued be,
Take not thy helping hand fra me,
For I am fraill and imperfite,
Giue me not ouer to drowne and die,
Into my fleshly hearts delight.
Thy working Spreit let me assist,
Into this fellon fechting fell,
That I may valiantlie resist,
The flesh, the warld the diuell and hell,
My secreit sins from me expell,
My nature is corrupt thou knawes,
Make me to practise and forth tell,
Thy precepts, praise, and holy lawes.
Thir gifts, I grant, I merite not
For I in sin was borne and bred,
Bot Iesus Christ he hes me bought,
From death euen with his bloud he shed,
His merits hes me frælie fred,
Make me thereof participant,
Let me be with his iustice cled,
And counted thy redæmed saint,
Nocht he, but I, hath death deserued:
Nocht I, but he, dois merit grace,
For me, nought for himselfe, he sterued,
With thee to purchase me a place,

throw

Throw him I am in happie race,
Euen with thy Godhead reconceiled,
To thee, through him, whome I imbrace,
Be praise, quhilk hes these ioyes reveiled.

Heere endes the Hymnes.

ANE EPISTLE TO Maister Gilbert Mont-creif medi-ciner to the Kings Majestie, wherein is set downe the experience of the Authors youth.

My tender friend (Montcreif medicinar)
To kings is kend thy knawledge singular
Thou shawis thy selfe be practise evident:
Of natures warks obseruer diligent,
Thy quiet life and decent modestie,
Declares thy cunning in philosophie:
Sen first we were acquaint I fand thee kinde,
Sum medicine assigne me for the mind,
Thy sicknes be the symptome sall appeare,
Unto my discourse, if thou list giue eare.
" O happie man is he (I hane hard say)
" A faithfull friend that hes with whom he may,
" Of euerie thing as with himselfe conferr,
As I may do (diserт mediciner)
When pubertie my freedome did inlarge,
And Mercurie gaue place to Venus charge,
I knew not yet the wavering vaine estait:
Of humaine kinde, I knew of na debait,
Na lurking bait, inuie, nor cursed stryfe,

As followis fast our short vnhappie life:
I traikked not, beleeue me weill (Montcreif)
The bitter paines, the sorrowes, and the grief,
Nor miseries quhilk daylie dois betide,
And compassis mans life on euerie side.
Wot like a chaste and pudick virgine cleir,
Inbrought to bide where she had neuer beir,
Into the house of women, let for hyre,
Quhen she behaulds all pleasour at desire,
A lustie troup of Ladies in array,
Sum on a luth, sum on a sistre play,
Some sangs of loue begin and sweitely sing,
And minzionlie sung dansing in a ring,
A louer here, discoursing all his best,
Ane vther there, delighting all the rest:
The buirds decorde with daintie dishes fine,
With diuers drogs, and wafers wet in wine:
A none to dwell the maide dois condiscend,
Incertaine quhat fall be her eatine end.
Swa inexpert yet at that time and houre,
I felt the sweete, but had not fund the sowre
I thought that nocht was able to remoue,
From men on earth, trueth, equitie, and loue,
Nor banish from their hearts humilitie,
Reuth, pitie, ioynd with affabilitie,
Wot that the force of reasone suld maintein,
The binding band quhilk lastinglie hes beir,
Be nature knit, and ordoned till indure,
Heirs amitie and friendship to make sure.
For this I oft reduced and brought to minde:
How sall men be but vntill vther kinde?
Lo, all the wichts that in this valley wuns,
Are bretheren all, are they not Adams sons?
Quhy suld a friend his friend and brother greeue,
Sen all are borne of a first mother Eue?
Vpon this earth as in a cietie wide,

Like citizens we dwell and dois abide:
And nature hes preferd vs to the beaſts,
Be prenting reaſon deiplie in our breaſts:
The barbar rude of Thrace or Tartarie
Of Boheme, Perſe, of weirly Getulie,
Of barzain Syrt, and waſtie Scythia,
Of Finland, Freſland, and of India,
Of reaſon they ar made participant,
With them quhilk dois the ciuill cities hant:
The facund Greec:, the learnd Athenian,
The Roman ſtout, the rich Venetian,
The Frenſhes franck of great ciuilitie
Ar oblift all to this ſocietie.

Then with my ſelf I reaſond on this ſort,
If this be trew quhilk trulie I report,
How mekill mair ſall loue and lauitie ſtand
Amang the pepill natiue of a land,
Quhilk dois imbrace, obey, and onely know,
A kirk, a King, a language and a law:
Or ſick as in a citie dois remaine,
Participant of pleaſour and of paine:
Or of a race hes lineallie diſcended
And bes there time and life together ſpended:

All this and mair I tolled in my thought,
And theſe effects to ſe I dowted nocht:
As for my part I plainely did pretend,
My life in peace, in ioy, and eaſe till end,
Into the way to walk and happie rod,
Preſcriued be the law and word of God,
To loue my friend and neighbour as my ſell,
With lippes but lies the ſimple treuth to tell,
Till euerie man to to keep my promiſe dew,
And not but right but rigour to perſew,
From vice to flie, and vertue till imbrace,
Ane vpright heart to haue in euerie caſe,
Contending hearts againe to reconceill

Mas

Was my pretence, and tender ay their weill,
To fortifie my friend in time and neede,
With good report, with counsell, and good deede:
And finally what reason taught to craue,
I thought to dow, and ay the like receaue.
„ Bot thoughts are vaine, my labour was bot lost
„ He counts againe, that counts without his host.
Through tract of time quhilk swiftlie slides away,
And sundrie sights occurring day by day,
At last I learnd to marke, and clearely ken,
The course of mortall things, and mortall men,
The maistres sharpe of fooles experience,
I see the wit the nature and the mind,
Of warldlie wights to wickednes inclind,
And naturallie ane austere frawardnes,
The hardened hearts of mortall men posses.
Behald na realme, na cietie nor estait,
Ar voide of strife, contention and debait,
Ilk man his fo, like roaring Lions rein,
Waitis to devore with rigor tygerrein:
How few regards we daylie may espie,
Their fallowes los, if they may gaine thereby:
Sa hautie minds fulfilled with disdaine,
Sa deepe deceat, sik glosing language vaine,
Wens doubill tungs are not ashamed to lie,
The mair they beght, the wors to trust they be,
Particular gaine dois sa mans reasone blind,
That skars on earth ane vpright can I find,
Sa poysoned breasts with malice and invy
Sum deadlie haitis, and cannot shaw you why.
O monstrous beast (inuie) O cruell pest!
Quhair thou remainis their is na quiet rest,
Thou waists the bains, thou blaickenes flesh & blood,
Ay glad of ill, ay enemie to good,
Thou vexed art to see thy brothers weill,

Quhilk vailis thee nocht, nor harmes him neuer a deil,
I try na trueth, nor na fidelitie,
I see na reuth, nor na nobilitie,
Na tender loue, nor humble gentlenes,
As first they say, our fathers did proffes,
Bot fremmednes, bot rude austeritie,
Bot feinzed fraud, and feebill vncourteſie.
Quhen that I had employed my youth and paine,
Foure yeares in France, and was returned againe,
Ilangd to learne, and curious was to knaw:
The consuetude, the custome and the Law,
Quhairby our native soile was guide aright,
And iustice done till everie kind of wight:
To that effect thrée yeares, or neare that space,
I hanted maist our highest plaiding place,
And senat quhair great causses reasoned were,
My breast was brus'd, with leaning on the bar,
My buttons brist, I partely spitted blood,
My gowne was traild and tramped where I stood,
Mine eares were deifd with maillars cryes and din,
Quhilk procutors and parties called in:
I dayly learnd, bot could not pleased be,
I saw sick things as pittie was to see.
Ane house ov'rlaid with proces sa misguided,
That sum to late, sum neuer was decided,
The pure abused ane hundreth diuers layes,
Postpond, differd with shifts, and meere delayes,
Consumde in guds, ov'rset with greise and paine,
Your aduocate man be refresht with gaine,
Or else he faints to speake or to invent
A gud defence or weightie argument,
Ye spill your cause, ye truble him to sair,
Vnles his hand annointed be with mair.
Not ill bestowed, he is consulted oft,
A gude deuise is worthie to be coft:
Bot skalking clarks with couetice inspired,

Till

Till execute their office man be hyred,
Na cause they call vnles they hyrelings haue,
If not, it sall be laid beneath the laue,
Quha them controls, or them offends, but dout,
Their proces will be lang in sæking out,
In greatest nœde sum peeces will be lost,
And then to lait fund on the parties cost,
In euerie point they will be slack and lang,
The minuts of the proces may be wrang,
For acts, decreits, they man haue double pryse,
If their be hall, but hyre they make it nice:
As sanguisugs quhilk finds the sæding gud,
Cleaues to the skin quhile they be full of blud,
Quhile all the vaines be bludles, dry and tume.
Na vther wayes the simple they consume.
The agent als man haue his wage provided,
Least all the cause in absence be misguided:
Ye will let passe on wilfull indignation,
Agains the actor ane stollen protestation,
The powre defender if he lacke expenses,
Sall tyne his cause perhaps for mill defences,
The peeces shaw he will, and cause reveill,
For greater gaine be he not pleased weill.
And thought the Lords suld take gud heid thereto,
Yet are they laith to make the house adow:
„ The censor is improvyre to correck,
„ That in himselfe hes ony kinde of bleck:
Euen they themselues the ordor partlie spils,
With bringing in of heapes of bosome bils,
Their oulks about on friends they dow bestow,
With small regard of table or of row.
Alace: sick Lords had nœde of reformation,
Quhair iustice maist consists in sollistation,
Zit all sollistars cannot iustice haue,
Bot sick as may acquit them by the laue,
A Lord, ane Earle, or a wealthie man,

A courtier that meikill may and can,
Without delay will come to their intent,
Howbeit there cause it be sum deill on skient:
Bot simple sauls, vnskilfull, moyenles,
The pure quhome strang oppressors dois oppres,
Few of their right or cauſes will take keepe,
Their proces will ſa lang lye ou'r, and ſleepe,
Quhill often times (there is na vther bute)
For powertie they man leaue of perſute.
Sum ſenators als weill as ſkaffing ſcribes,
Are blinded oft with blinding buds and bribes.
And mair reſpects the perſone nor the cauſe,
And finds for diuers perſones diuers lawes.
Our ciuill, cannon, and municipall,
Suld equallie be miniſtred till all:
They mon ſhaw fauour to their a'win dependers,
Quhat ſa they be perſewers or defenders,
I faint to tell their peruers partial pactions,
And how they are diuided all in factions,
Confederate haill with ſubtiltie and ſlight,
A way to vote in voting wrang or right.
O men in whome no feare of God is iudged:
O faithles iudges worthie to be iudged:
Ashame ye not, or ſtand ye not in aw,
Lawes to prokes and erre againſ the law?
O members meete, for meere iniquitie,
Of Rhadamanth or Minos court to be.
The haill abuſe were our prolixt to tell,
That councill houſe it is maill like ane hell,
Where there is thrang ay feare, and awfull cryes,
Where on the bar without puir parties lyes,
As on the riue of Acheron for ſin,
Awaitting faſt quhile Charon take them in:
Where euerie man almaiſt is miſcontented,
Quhair ſillie ſauls are greeuouſlie tormented,
Ay ſorrie, ſad, ay plung'd in paine and greife,

Penſiue

Pensiue in heart and musing of mischeif
Their bowells, entrailles, with the robbed rowt
Of gredie Harpyes, they ar rugged out.
To lead that kinde of life I wearied last,
In better hope I left it at the last,
And to the court I shortlie me addrest
Beleeuing weill to chuse it for the best:
But from the rocks of Cyclades fra hand
I struik into Carybdis sinking sand.
For reuerence of Kings I will not strine
To slander courts, but them I may describe,
As learned men hes them depaint before,
Or neare the suith, and I am wo therefore.
In courts (Montcreif) is pryde, invie, contention
Dissimulance, despite, disceat, dissention,
Feare, whisperings, reports, and newsuspition,
Fraud, treasone, lies, dread, guile, sedition,
Great greedines, and prodigalitie,
Lusts sensuall, and partialitie,
Impudencie, adulterie, drunkinnes,
Delicacie, and slouthfull idilnes,
Backbiting, lacking, mocking, mutenie,
Disdainefulnes, and shameles flatterie,
Meere vanitie, and naughtie ignorance,
Inconstancie, and changing with mischance,
Contempt of all religion, and devotion,
To Godlie deeds na kinde of perfite motion.
These qualities in generall I say,
Into all courts are commoun everie day:
I neede not now sick properties apply,
Thou knawes our Scottish court als weill as I:
Our princes ay, as we haue heard and sein,
Their mony yeares infortunat hes bein,
And if I sould not speike with flattring tung,
The greater part bot sluggishly hes rung,
Our Earles and Lords for their nobilitie.

Bot

How ignorant and inexpert they be,
Upon the prime counsell mon be chusd,
Or else the King and concill ar abusd,
And gif the Prince augment not ay their rents
Quhat is their mair: they will be mal-contents.
Quhat suld the court quhair vertue is neglected?
Quhair men of spreit sa litle ar respected?
Quhilk is to be lamented all the mair,
That few of learning suld take keip or cair,
As Cicero of Iulius Cæsar sayis
Euen in his time, gouernement, and dayis,
Quhilk easily excells all vther Kings,
In learning, spreit, and all scholastick things.
Sum officers we se of naughtie braine,
Meere ignorants, proud, vicious, and vaine,
Of learning, wit, and vertue all denude,
Maist blockish men, rash, riatous, and rude:
And flattering fallowis oft ar mair regarded:
A lying slaue will rather be rewarded,
Nor they that dois with reasons rule conferre
Thair kinde of life, and actions, least they erre,
Nor men discreit, wise, vertous, and modest,
Of galland spreit, brawe trew and worthie trest,
Quhilk far from hame ciuilitie hes sein,
And be their maners shawis quhair they haue bein:
Quhilk haue the word of God before their eyes,
And weill can serue but cannot princes pleis:
For sum with reason will not pleased be,
But that quhilk with their humour dois agrée.
Hes thow not heard in oppin audience,
The purpos vaine, the feckles conference,
Th'informall reasons, and impertinent
Of courtiours: quhilks in accouttrement
War gorgions, meist glorious, yong and gay:
Bot in effect compare them weill I may
Till images, quhilks ar in temples set,

Decords

Decorde without, and all with gold on'r fret,
With colors fine, and carued curiouslie,
The place where they are set to beautifie
Bot when they are remarked all and sum,
They are bot stocks and stains, bos, deid, and dum.
Bot now the court I will not discommend,
I may it meane bot may it not amend.
As for offence of speach I nathing feare it,
For vpright men thereby are nathing detrit:
And sick as are with wickednes bewitched,
I sullie not how viuely they be tuitched.
And if perhaps sum wald alleadge that I,
Haue this inuaid on malice and inuie,
As he whome in the court few did regarde,
And got na gaine thereby nor na reward,
I grant that may be trew, bot quhat of that?
I little gaine deserued, and les I gat:
Bot men behald his hienes royall trine,
His palaces, and their apparrell fine,
Behalde his house, behald his yearely rent,
His seruants heir if they haue cause to plent,
I deserue this realme throughout from east to west,
From south to north, if any be opprest,
Quhilk iustice lacks, behald the common weill,
Then iudge if I be writer fals or leill.
Bot sick as sould it mend, let them lament,
I hanted court to lang, and I repent.
These cursed times, this worst not worne age,
Where vertue lurks, where vice dois reigne and rage
Where faith and loue, where friendship is neglected,
Contagiouslie with time hes me infected:
As others are, of force sa mon I be,
How can I do bot as men dow to me?
In bordels vile a virgine chaist and pure,
Be time with time a vile effronted hure:
A trew man taine with pirats on the sea,

Is forſt to take a part of piracie.
O ſentence ſuthe: I ſay for to conclude,
„ Ill companie corrupteth maners gud.
Trew Damons part to play I wald me bind,
Bot Pythias kinde yet can I neuer find:
„ Loue mutuall wald be, for all in vaine,
„ I fauour ſhaw, if nain I finde againe.
My heart is ſtane within, and yron without,
With triple bras my breſt is ſet about,
For when of ſtrife, and great miſchance I heare,
Of death, debate, they do me little deare:
For vthers harme me tuitches not at all,
Swa I be free, quhat rak I what befall?
The line of loue almaiſt I haue forget it,
For why, think I, to nain I am addettit.
Not threttie times as zit the ſhining ſun,
His carrier round and propre courſe hes run,
Sen nature firſt me bure to ioy his light,
And yet I walk (if iuſtly wiſh I might)
Diſſolued be, renewed, and be with Chriſt,
Or fleſh to ſardar follie me intiſt:
I feare the warld, I dread allurements ſair,
And ſtrang aſſaults corrupt me mair and mair.
Let Sathan rage, let wickednes incres,
I thank my God I am not comfortleſs:
My comfort lo, my haill felicitie,
Conſiſts in this, I may it ſhaw to thee:
To ſerue the Lord, and on his Chriſt repoſe,
To ſing him praiſe, and in his heichts reioſe,
And ay to haue my mind lift vp on hie,
Vnto that place quhair all our ioy ſall be:
My life and time I knaw it is ſa ſhort,
That heare to dwell I think it bot a ſport:
I haue delight in heart maiſt to behald,
The pleaſant works of God ſa manifold,
And to my minde great pleaſour is indeede,

The nobill writs of learned men to reed:
As Chremes had, I haue ane humaine heart,
And takes of things humaine na little part,
Be word and writ my minde I make it plaine,
To kenfull friends, and they to me againe.

Christian precepts seruing to the practise of Sanctification.

Interpryse nathing quhile thou first call vnto the Lord to bless it, and to blesse the meanes, and then refer the succes theirof to him.

Assoone as ony of thy interpryses hes taken effect, incontinent run and thank thy God.

Beware of presumption, selfe loue, and daine ostentation, whatsoeuer good or great work thou accomplish, for thou may knaw it is the Lord that woorkes by thy hand, & not thou: seeing thou hes had experience of thine awin weakenesse and insufficiencie.

Beware thou iustifie not thy selfe in thy hart: for thou knawes that thou cannot abstaine fra sinne, nor cannot be saued without the meere mercie of God shawin in the righteous merits of Jesus Christ.

Instruct and teach thy children and seruants, albeit they be few in number, in the feare of God, as though thou had a great house and familie.

When thou hes the command of God reuelled be his word that thou suld do ony thing, obey thou euer the command, and let it be a rule to all thy actions, how vnappearant soeuer it be, or far againſt thy heart, setting aside baith thy awin affections, and all worldlie respects: for quhair God speakes, neuer spein ane farder question, Because he knawes that quhilk thou knawes not.

Giue thou find thy desire extream earnest in any matter, beware thou execute not thy desire, vnles thou haue a speciall warrand of Gods word, that thy desire be agreeable to his will: for the deuill enters in be our inordinat appetits & affections.

Quhen

When thou art in doubt if that quhilk thou art to do or say, be gud or euill: performe it not vntill thou be resolued.

In doing thy affaires vse diligence and be quick: for thou knawes what hurt and griefe thy slawnes and slouthfulnes hes wrought thée.

Because thy corruption is great, exercise thy selfe in the law of the Lord continuallie, by reading, and hearing his word preached, least thou rowst like yron: fast, pray, sigh, weepe, singe, meditate, and confer with gude men of spirituall things.

Albeit thou be not lang in ane estait, Bot now heir, now eauld in Religion, be not therefore discouraged, for sick is thy weakenes, and sa being the single eie of thy minde be direct towards God, that thy intention be to please him, and that saluation be thy end through faith in Iesus Christ: quhat euer what befall vnto thée: follow forth thy course and resolution constantlie in serving God vnto the ende of thy life.

Because it is not possible that thy wit or memorie can be able to comprehend all things needefull, and all gud precepts, except they be sanctified: Therefore craue that thy heart may be circumcised and clenged, that the halie Ghaist may dwell in thée and put thein remembrance of al things according to our Lord Iesu Christs promise.

Hes thou nede of ony thing: pray to God for it.

Wald thou reteine and keepe the good thing quhilk thou hes receaued? Be thankfull to God for it.

Finds thou thy selfe dull and sensuall, and wald haue thy heart stirred vp to prayer and to praise God, humble & beate downe thy body by fasting. Remember on the day of iudgement, call to memorie the Lords benefits bestowed on thée, and how he at ony time hes preserued thée from dangers of bodie or of Saull: Singe with thy mouth, and lift vp thy minde and affectiones vnto him.

To make thée stand in aw when thou art ouer secure and iollie, remember thy awin weakenes, thy monstrous sinnes, and foule defections, and how the Lord at ony time did chastise thée for them.

Althought

Althought thy prayer appeare to be without effect, yet ceasse not from praying, for if thy petition be lawfull, and that thou submit the granting thereof vnfeinedly to the will of God, be sure that at length thou sall ather get thy desire, or else contentment, as though thou had gotten it.

To make thee charitable towards all men, thinke that they with whome thou hes to do are of the number of the children of God. And quhen thou speakis of the dead, think that they are in Christis kingdome, & this wil make thee bridle thy tounge.

Ha soone as euer thow fallis in trouble, ather outward, or of the mynd, incontinent haue first refuge to God for relefe, craving counsell of his mouth, & therafter seeke lawfull meanes to be releeued: for begin thou first to sæke worldlie helpe, thou art out of the right waie: therefore sæke first to God, and soone to God.

Beware thou sæk not comfort in outwarde thinges, where their is na soliditie nor trew comfort: for quhen it is past it brings greater grief with it: The solide & trew comfort then is in spirituall things, in auoiding the societie of men, and prophane company, in acquainting thy selfe with thy God by prayer, by reading, meditation, teaching, hearing of the word preached, conferring of spirituall things, and in doing of charitable warks.

Also gif occasion serue, frequent often the Lords supper: Quhilk is the Sacrament and seale of Gods promise, appointed for thy comfort and confirmation of thy faith: In doing whereof thou declares thy obedience and thankfulnes to God. Their fore remoue all impediments whatsumeuer quhilk may debar thee from that holy action.

Gif thou wald eschew anger, passe by a multitude of iniuries and offences that are done thee: for gif thou marke narrowlie euerie faulte and offence that is done, it sall not be possible to be lang in patience.

Cast thy selfe to a certaine calling and vocation, that thou be not lowse and without a craft: And in chusing thy vocation, because

(because it is a thing verie hard & difficile) first crave earnestly the direction of God, that thou may chuse the best: Secondly, consider to what vocation thy hart is maist inclined: And thirdly, consider gif God hath indued thee with gifts meet for that calling quhilk thou likes off, And thereafter make election of it.

Having chosen a vocation, apply thy heart to thy vocation, and wearie not of it, nather goe about to avoid and cast it off: Bot willingly, and not by constraint imbrace it, be diligent in it and delyte in it.

Be temperate although it be neuer so painefull to thee that thereby thou may be humbled, & made mindefull of thy dutey, least thou wounde thy conscience, and become prophane, and harden thy heart be doing the contrare.

Quhen thou art in perplexitie & knawis not quhat to chuse, intrinche thy selfe, and flie to the throne of grace to seeke resolution.

Thinke not that thou by thy industrie, convoy, or diligence, art able to accomplishe onye gude thing: Therefore, crave the Lords blessing to thy affairs, and wait patiently vpon him.

Walk with grauitie, integritie, and with ane vpright heart in all thy actions: and not craftely, feircely, or wilfully, bot without fretting, murmuring, or vpbraiding.

Be silent and modest, and not light, revealing thy griefe, imperfection and weakenes to euerie man least thou be despised: Bot poure out thy griefes before the Lord, and lament thine estait to him.

After well doing, beware then of presumption, walke warilie modestlie, and sadly, and be not tollie nor intemperate: For temptation will not cease anie long time, bot thou man suffer in earnest, and not for the fashion.

Be benevolent till all men, and patient towards all, suffering euerie thing patiently for Christs sake and after his example.

Trauaile to be familiar & acquainted with thy God, be prayer and meditation, and walk with him.

Quhen

Quhen thou art sorrowfull, or joyfull, consider quhere fra the sorrow, or the joy proceeds, if they proceid from warldlie causes, thy sorrow then is euill, and thy reioysing vaine, bot if thou be sorrow full for thy sinne, thy sorrow is good and Godlie: And if thy joy be grounded vpon God, and arise vpon ane inward perswasion of his fauor, and remission of thy sinnes through the merits of Jesus Christ: Then is thy reioysing trew & happie.

Remember that nothing can come vnto thee bot by Gods prouidence and permission. Wy then sald thou beare onie thing impatiently, seeing it is the Lords work?

The Lorde is able to do exceeding abundantlie abone all that we aske or think: why sald thou then be carefull, or auaritious?

Studie earnestly to be temperate of thy mouth: for intemperancie hurts the memorie and the iudgement, smores the spirituall gift, makes the heart fat and sensuall, bamishes heauenlie thoughts and meditations, and makes men vnable for any gud exercise.

Be continuallie occupied ather in the Lordes seruice, or in thine awin vocation, for the neglecting theirof wounds the conscience?

Gif the Lord haue given thee ane reasonable maintenence of thy awin, haunt not meikle the tables of vther men.

Refraine thy tunge from cursed speaking, fraward or filthy speaking, whereby the conscience is wonderfullie wounded, & the spreit of Christ that dwels in vs sall grieved.

Crave of God a large and liberall heart, for a gneweus, and pinching heart in matters of small importance is odious.

Meddle not thy selfe with trifle matters, and be not earnest in them, for that is mechanick.

Endeuor thy selfe to haue thy mind stabill in thy prayer and meditation, & suffer not the samin to be interrupted with vaine thoughts or naughtie actiones.

Be not bitter, fraward, earnest, or offended for trifles.

Studie not nor panse not meikle on the feeding of the flesh, nather be curious for the bellie, bot be thou sober, and easelie

pleased.

pleased.

If thou be a pastour, or a teacher, where euer thou commis, let thy secreit purpose be to conqueis sum to Christ.

Beware thou lightlie nocht, nor dispise not vthers, bot rather consider how lowrd & grose thine awin imperfectiones ar.

Where euer thou art iniured; or heirs wordis vttered to thy reproch or griefe, incontinent perswade thy selfe that it proceids fra God, & that he hes stirred vp the speaker or iniurer against thee. Therefore consider if thou be iustlie quarreiled, and then take it as a chastisement for thy sin: Bot if thou be falsely & vniustly quarrelled, then think it is done by God to try thy faith & patience, wherein thou suld reioyce and receaue comfort.

In taking thy resolutions, and in doing thy affaires, do that quhilk may best please God, & may best serue to the expedition of thy turne, to the weill of thy neighbour, and thine awin commendation: Not regarding for a small coast, or halding in of trauell.

Beware thou be not exercised in vaine and childish things, and be not giuen to thy pleasour or satisfying of thy lustis: specialiie quhen thou hes Gods turne in hand: for that quenshis the Spirit.

Be not opiniater & wilfull in trifill maters, or ouer precise in things indifferent, least thou seeme indiscreit & sawcie: bot rather yeild to the desire and will of vthers.

Beware of the first and sudden motions of the minde, quhilk (as the Philosophers alledges) it is not in mans power to resist therefore seeke thou the power of the Spreit of God, that they breake not out or thou be war, bot that thou may halde in, quhill thou reason with thy selfe.

Craue light of God in all thy particulars, that thou be not guided be the light of nature, and diterment of flesh and bloud: Bot be the spiritual light of gods word and his Spreit: for it is a great difficultie to knaw what is best to bee chosen in all our particulars, and to discerne betweene the light of nature, & the light of the Spreit of Iesus.

Learne to be sad, silent, sober, and sanctified: hauing thy

mind

n ind eber lifted vpward, and pansing on heauenlie things, and
r at on earthlie and base things.

Remember daylie on the death thou mon die, on the count thou hes to make to God, and on the rewarde quhilk thou art to receaue thereafter, either of ioy, or of torment euerlasting.

Panse daylie and consider with thy selfe what kind of thing Eternitie is,

Albeit thou knaw thy selfe to bee subiect in sick sort till onie vice or sin, that thou cannot abstaine from it: Neuertheles cease not to fight against it, & to make resistance, for gif thou cease to resist, thou giues ouer the christian battell: Therefore, at least be sorrie for it, take purpose daylie till amend, and though thou fall this day, think weill to rise againe the morne, and sa forth continuallie follow out that course vnto thy liues ende: Craning grace and strength daylie of God to resist it: then may thou be assured that he in his awin time will remoue it, and deliuer thée from the tyrannie thereof.

It may be that ane euill spreit follow vpon thée, and rage in thine affections, seauen yeares, twenty yeares, fourtie yeares: yet for all this thou suldest nocht dispaire of thine estait: For gif thou make onie resistance, thou art not his obedient seruant, bot his prisoner, thou art led captiue to sin bot giue thou obey him willinglie and with a gladnes, without any reluctation or regrait, thou art then his plane & seruant. Therefore consider not only the euill quhilk thou hes done, bot also if thou be displeased with the doing thereof.

Be sure of thine election, and that thou art in the fauour of God, whereof thir are infallible markes.

First, when thou art come to the trew knawledge of Christ and the vertew of his death and resurrection, by the light of the Euangell.

Second when the Lorde suffers thée not to slip without correction for thy sinnes committed against him.

Thirdly, When thou knawes thine awin wants and imperfections, and art sorry for them.

Fourthlie, When thou hes ane earnest hunger and a thirst, for righteousnes and perfection.

Fiftlie, When thou hopes assuredly aday to obtaine through Christ Jesus, that quhilk thou hungers & thirsts for in this life.

Think not that thou art able to attaine vnto perfite halines in this life: for in vs there is na perfectiõ, bot our sufficiencie is from God. The greatest perfection then, that man can attaine vnto during the course of this life, is, to bee of a life vnreprouable, or without sklander in the sight of men: To hait sin, and to loue righteousnes, to loue the appearance of Christ Jesus: And some time to taist and feele a part of that heuenly ioy & peace of Conscience, arising vpon hope quhilk the haile ghaist works in the saule and is called the earnest or erlishemme of the Spirite, wherby we ar sealed to saluatiõ. Bot this sense of ioy remaines not alwaies, bot is rare and indures not onie long space albeit all the faithfull feels it not alike, bot some efter, some sin dillar: some in a greter, some in a smaller measure. Alwaies, the trueth is that the maist part of the children of God are efter subiect till a feeling of feare and wraith in this life, nor of ioy and peace.

Thinke not that thou art sufficientlie mortified, and speaned from the world, quhile thou be so weil acquainted with thy God that albeit thou were spoiled of friends, force, and of euery warldly comfort, thogh thou were contemned of all men, & that euery thing appeared to go against thee: yet not the les thou wald not be discouraged, bot wald be assured to finde comfort in the Lord.

To knaw thy awin nature, take hæde how thy mind is occupyed when thou art solitarie, and free from all externall affaires: If altogither on earthly and carnall things, thou art yet earthly and carnall: Bot if on spirituall & heuenly things, it is the warke of the spirit. Also examine thy selfe what thou wald dw if thou were in prosperitie, and had liberty to dw what thou lust: If thy inclination be to seeke riches, honors, estimation of men, to enioy thy pleasor, or to reuenge thy quarrels: certifie thy selfe thou art yet in nature: Bot if thy intention be to glorifie God, and to bee exercised in euery maner of good warke: then be assured thy regeneration is begun.

FINIS.